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Vol. CCII, No. 2637
AUGUST 19, 1950

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Volume CCII No. 2637 The SPHERE, London, August 19, 1950

The SPHERE
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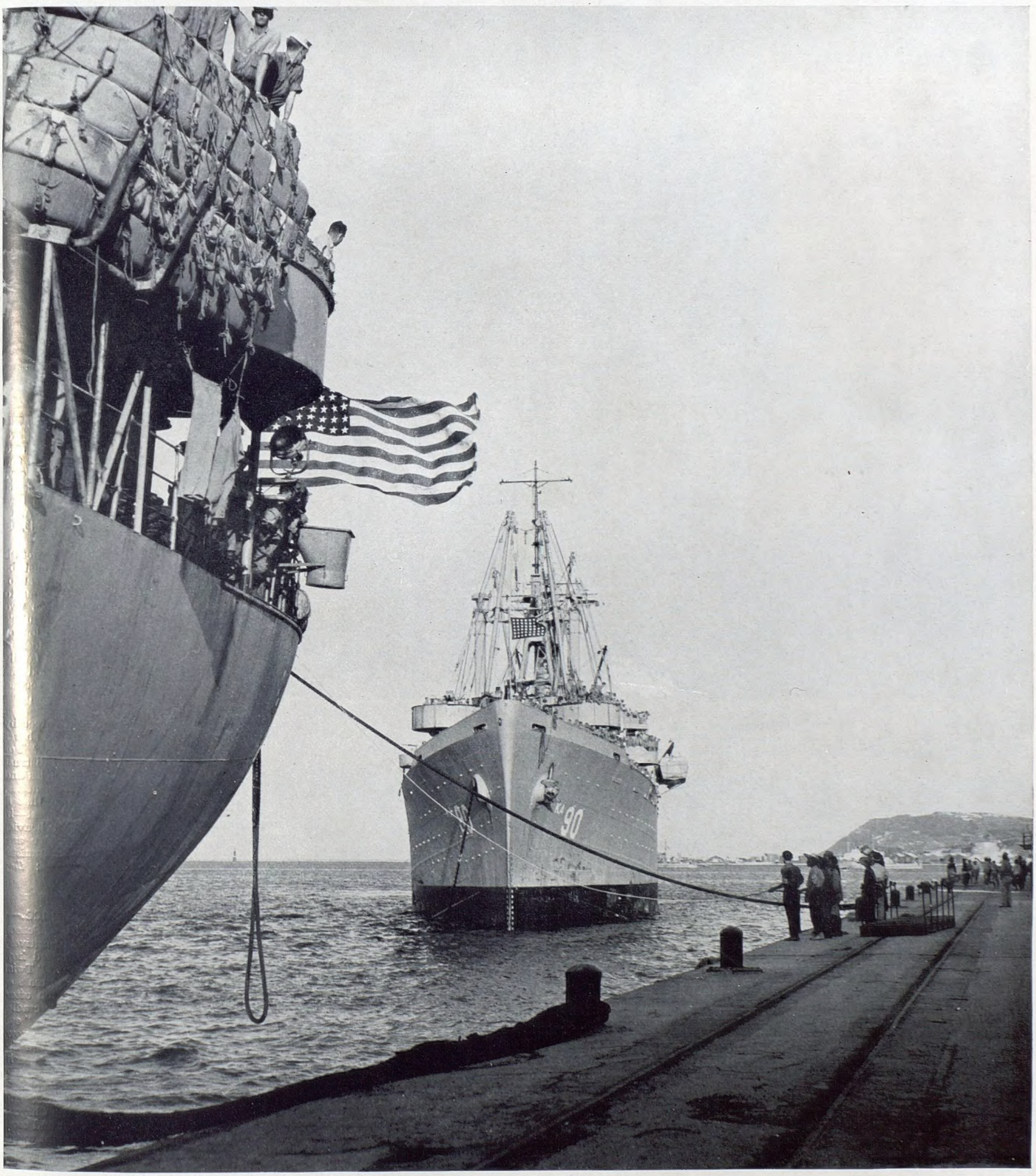
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



THE MARINES ARRIVE IN KOREA: THE FIRST UNITED STATES MARINE DIVISION COMES ALONGSIDE AT A "SOUTHERN PORT." They were at once thrown into the battle, bringing invaluable seasoned troops to aid the hard-pressed units which had been retreating towards the last line of the Naktong River under pressure of overwhelming superiority in man-power. Although the river was crossed at several points, the Americans had some solid successes with their counter-attacks

The United States Marine Corps has called up for extended duty its entire volunteer reserve of 80,000 officers and men. The order applies to both ground and air units and some 50,000 will be in uniform again by the end of October. The Division already in Korea was thrown into the battle soon after its arrival and played a big part in the attack on the key town of Chinju. In one day the 1st Marine Brigade captured Kosong and advanced about thirteen miles south-west to engage the enemy's southern positions, which were established on a ridge west of Chinju. Meanwhile, the American 5th and 35th regimental combat teams had effected a successful pincer movement on the Communist force in the hills east of the town. The operations combined to make the most effective allied offensive action since the campaign began. In the north-east, however, the Communists made a breakthrough the South Korean army at Yongdok and advanced towards the fighter command aerodrome only eight miles from the port of Pohang

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

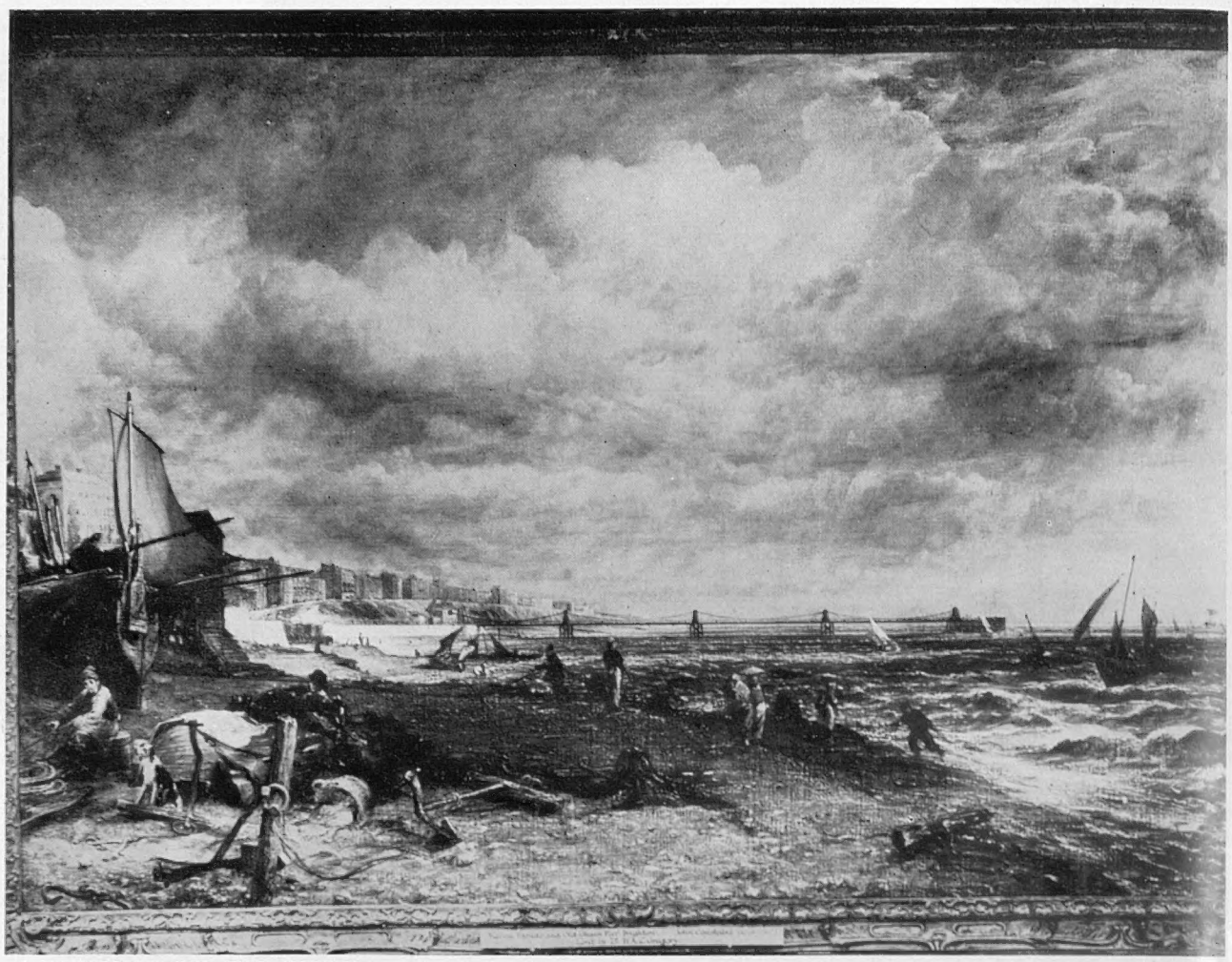
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Independent Member.—Mr. Blackburn's resignation from the Labour Party, announced on August 5, is an old story now. It struck me as an instance of the extraordinary rapidity with which in these critical days the public swings from the extreme of pessimism back to optimism, here and in America also. He gave as his reason for resignation his belief that we were on the verge of world war; that, to face it, we had one proven prophet and war leader only, Mr. Churchill; and that Mr. Churchill should become Premier in a Coalition. If that announcement had been published on July 31, I believe that it would have struck on a majority of our ears as pure and golden common sense. Five days later, a return to optimism was clearly to be observed here and in America, and the Bank Holiday week-end started in that mood. The worst, if not averted, was (we decided) hopefully postponed. This momentary return to hope weakened (as it always does in England) the argument for a Coalition, which no one wants until the fat is in the fire—least of all the politicians. The causes of that reaction to hope? Obviously, the fact that, despite defeats in the conference room, Malik was still in the chair and the very hopeful reports from MacArthur and the military pundits in America of the situation in Korea. The insurgents (they all agreed) had missed the early bus. *Breve gaudium?* The Bank Holiday week-end was only a matter of hours. Before it ended, it was safe to say that faint hope and dreadful anxiety will alternate swiftly for all the remaining weeks of summer and holidays. Alas! How often has this same thing happened during the past few years.

Who Said "Danger"?—What an extraordinary people we are! What a diversity of creatures humanity is! The headlines blared out the news: "Thousands flock to the seaside." "Thousands flock to the recruiting offices for Korea." Contradictory? Certainly, at first sight. In a brief *mi-carême* of returning hope, in the very article of a people's summer holiday, in an era of full employment, in a nation believed to be browned-off by wars and anxieties and endless crises, can there be even hundreds to flock to the recruiting offices for Korea and "starvation pay" and the prospects and risks of a fearful campaign in jungle conditions? Is it true? And, if so, is it just sheer guts and patriotism? Remember 1919. After that First World War, that orgy of killing, thousands of young men were ready instantly to ask for more and join in the all-in Black-and-Tan scrapping of hideous memory. Soon enough, they found that peace could be nastier than war. And to-day? The need for defence is, first and foremost, *men*. The need is urgent. It has been urgent for five years, but recruiting has been very disappointing. An Army life on a "peace footing" has tempted all too few. Does the chance of rough stuff in Korea ("wherever that may be"!) make Army life seem suddenly more attractive, and civilian "full employment" at home more deadly dull and aimless? Does the prospect of a change attract? Or is it only necessary to offer "blood and sweat" to send "bread and circuses" out of fashion with young men? I don't know the answers, but those answers must redound to the credit of some of England's youth. And must remind us all that the craving for Adventure is not yet entirely dead.

Old Stagers All.—Time is No. 1 enemy and objective of the speed-cop. It drives at dangerous speed. Once a year it shows a change of heart—at Canterbury in August. At the Canterbury Week 100 years is but as yesterday, for Old Stagers never grow old, never grow too old to play the time-honoured roles with the "original" and time-honoured stage properties. The spirit of I.Z. is the Peter Pan spirit. The account of the Old Stagers' annual performances before "the noblemen and gentlemen" runs on and runs back. One year telleth another. There is Mr. Alderson (by all that's wonderful!) making his famous discoveries behind the iron curtain. There is Mr. Nigel de Grey still revealing the almost professional dramatic talent of his grandfather, Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, a founder of I.Z. And it seems to me "only yesterday" when I transport myself in memory to Brympton, in Somerset, that lovely old manor house still lived in by Sir Spencer's granddaughter, and re-people that bumpy cricket-ground with his young grandsons and great-nephews (all of them aspirants for the famous "You are elected I.Z." postcard), with A. P. Wickham behind the sticks and Sammy Woods still trundling dangerously and Sir Spencer critically taking note of straight bats and immovable right legs.

Green and Gold.—The August holiday recompensed the nation for rather chill and damp Easter and Whitsun holidays. In the south, at any rate, it was perfection with a P. I saw a deal of the revels in Sussex and Hampshire passing or halting to enjoy a number of village fêtes, flower shows and cricket matches in a country of rare enchantment, green as in spring, golden as harvest-time should be. How our villages depend on a fine August holiday to replenish the coffers of their treasuries! We live by taking in each other's washing. If the sun shines, we may be sure of a nest-egg of £150 from raffle and jumble and side-shows of local initiative. Good will is enthroned triumphant. The vicar winks when the village committee breaks the laws, and so does our local Dogberry. At various times in various villages I stood to win (with an outlay of 6d. a time and no particular *skill* involved) the following prizes: to wit, two pullets, a fine cockerel, a sugar cake, a banknote value £5, a bottle of whisky, an electric iron, ditto lamp. At the time of writing I have no news from my agents in either county that I was successful in any gamble, but I do know that our gardener came back with a smallholder's certificate for peas and four first prizes for beans, tomatoes, carrots and parsnips. So all was very well, and those who survived the heat-stroke in the marquees which held the exhibits, declared that never were such monstrous growths and superb examples of village crafts displayed in any village in any county in any age or country in living memory.



A CONSTABLE FOR THE NATION—"THE MARINE PARADE AND OLD CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON," WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY, WITH THE HELP OF PARLIAMENT, FOR £15,000: On July 18 last Sir Stafford Cripps stated in the House of Commons that as John Constable (1776-1837) was not adequately represented in the Tate Gallery, he had agreed to ask Parliament to vote a supplementary purchase grant of £7,500, which, being half the price asked for the picture, would enable the Trustees to find the other half and acquire it for the Gallery. The picture was first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1827. It appears to have remained unsold, as it figured in the sale of Constable's pictures in 1838, and was bought by Tiffin for 42 guineas. In the same year it passed into the collection of the Rev. T. Sheepshanks. In July last year the picture was put up for sale at Sotheby's, with other works from the collection of Dr. H. A. C. Gregory, who had acquired it in 1948 from Lieutenant A. C. Sheepshanks. On that occasion it was bought in for £13,500

Royalty and the Press.—I read the other day that in Egypt (I think) a decree had gone out that there should henceforth be published in the Press no more commentary on the Royal family which had not first been approved by the Court censors, on pain of—well, something with "boiling oil in it," I expect. That, of course, wouldn't do in this democratic country, with our democratic monarchy and with our free and, in the main, highly responsible Press. I am an old stager; I know it. Perhaps that is why I am not totally unsympathetic to that decree of Cæsar Augustus in Egypt, if it *was* Egypt. Our Royal Family is very democratic; does everything it can to respond to and satisfy our intense interest in the public and private lives of our King and Queen and Princesses. One might almost say that it has good-humouredly resigned its right (shared with the humblest families) to enjoy a private life of any kind. But even if one accepted that proposition as true, one could say, and justly, that such resignation was already sometimes grossly abused. And, above all, by women journalists who deal in "domestic interiors," in clothes and layettes, in lipstick and face creams—to the delight, no doubt, of thousands of women readers. I have read such articles lately concerning the Queen and the Princesses which have made my blood first boil and then run cold—*intimacies* which are no doubt based on gossip and guessing but which suggest (and most unfairly) internal *leakage*; intimacies which, even if accurately set forth, ill-requite the generosity and the democratic spirit of the Royal ladies and do no service to the monarchy. Such articles as these lend point to the argument that there is scope for a more rigid self-censorship in the Press.

Intimate Peeps.—It is perfectly true that these dealers in intimacies concerning the Royal Family may justify themselves (if not their consciences) by citing that extraordinary document now delighting or revolting a million readers of the Sunday Press—the Duke of Windsor's autobiography. Here, they may argue, is a member of a Royal house who shrinks from no limits of intimacy concerning his most intimate private affairs, who has written, or caused to be written, details of his courtship and marriage with a wealth of detail and frankness which must be almost unique in the realm of autobiography. So, why not? It seems to me that such an argument begs two important questions: Is the Duke's autobiography purely self-revelation or largely self-justification? And does it receive the commendation of the family of which he was for a brief period the head? If the answer to the second question is No, the first question poses another: To what limits may a gentleman go in justifying his own career by withdrawing a curtain which he shares with other members of his family? For my part, I dislike, deplore and distrust all these forms of Royal intimacies and class them as commercial treacheries. Yet, because there is so much that is human, touching—yes, and honest—in the Duke's memoirs, I lay a heavier load of blame on the impudence and vulgarities of the lipstick columnists. But the Duke has a panache; *they* have not.

Silly Season Tailpiece.—This is unashamedly a Silly Season Newsletter, and the tailpiece positively flaunts its label. Curious indeed how tragedy and comedy intertwine. "Twist ye, twine ye, even so, mingling tears of joy and woe." World wars too often choose the silly season for their cradle, and we are used to dancing on the "eve of Waterloo" and craters. And so now, when men are dying in Korea, and the hounds of war straining at the leash, beauty queens are being crowned and peeped at and are scratching each other's eyes out at our watering-places, and greasy Joans are swimming the Channel and all that is silliest, cheapest and most futile in human nature is brought to the surface, enthroned and publicised, as if it were our national object to invite our enemies, if any, to come and take us at their convenience. "Here we are; we couldn't be sillier, couldn't be caught bending more completely. You can go through us like a knife through rotten butter." But history shows (thank God) that the butter is only a wrapping covering a hard steel core. It is merely the grease which coats the big guns of capital ships laid up. It is "pretty Fanny's way." It doesn't mean a thing.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SECOND SESSION OF THE CONSULTATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE BEGINS IN STRASBOURG : The Assembly is mainly composed of independent delegates and this year includes eighteen from Western Germany and four from the Saar. M. Spaak was re-elected president of the Assembly by 90 votes out of a possible total of 125. Western European defences and the formation of a European army became the main topics of discussions, displacing constitutional questions

THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE MEETS IN STRASBOURG

Western Germany and the Saar Join the Assembly

After a stormy beginning, when voices were raised against the re-election of Paul-Henri Spaak as its president, the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe settled down to its serious business. Much time was spent on the question of Western European defence, Mr. Boothby calling for the appointment of a European commander-in-chief. M. Reynaud suggested entrusting defence to a responsible personality as European War Minister, at the same time making a gesture towards Mr. Churchill.

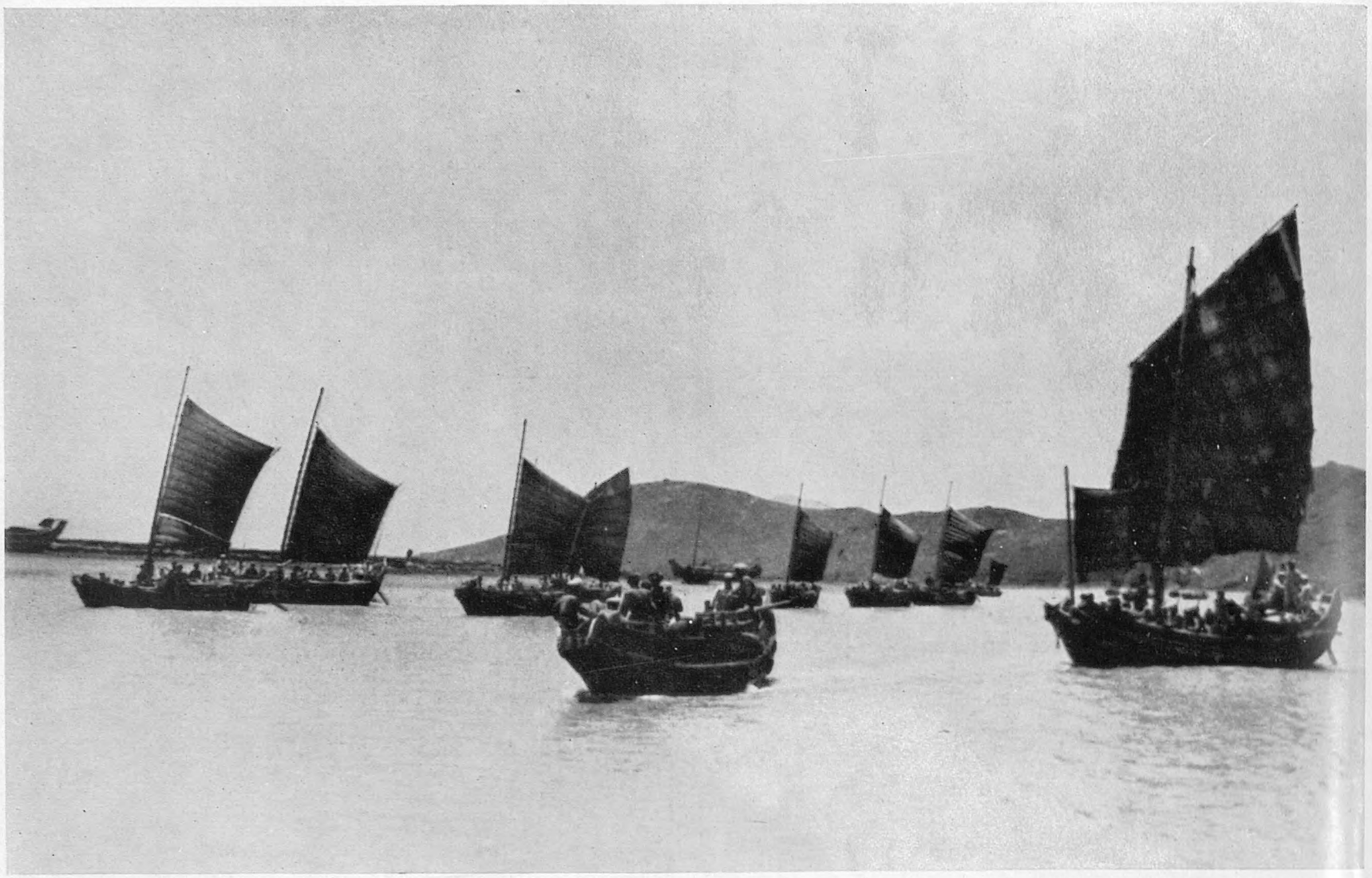
The inclusion of delegates from Western Germany and the Saar for the first time gave Professor Carlo Schmid the opportunity to argue the German Socialist case against the rearmament of Germany. He said that a German army on the Elbe might be the provocation that the Russians were seeking, or that it might tip the scales in favour of an attack on Western Europe. He recalled the disastrous consequences of the German obsession with encirclement.

HEI BRAUN AND SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE AT STRASBOURG : Braun as one of four delegates from the Saar who joined the Consultative Assembly this year. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was Deputy Chairman of the British War Crimes Executive at Nuremburg

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK : His re-election as president of the Consultative Assembly aroused considerable criticism. Mr. Bruins Slot, a Dutch representative, made a powerful speech, saying that in recent events in his own country, M. Spaak had flouted democratic principles and majority voting and that he was not a fit person to preside over the Assembly

THE DELEGATES ARRIVE : Left to right are—Georges Bidault ; Count Carlo Sforza ; Paul-Henri Spaak ; Paul Reynaud ; Winston Churchill, and Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister. M. Schuman was the first Minister to address the Assembly when he discussed the proposals, made in Paris, for placing production of coal and steel in France, Germany, the Saar, Italy and the Benelux countries under control of a special authority

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND FRAU LOUISE SCHROEDER : Eight of the delegates from Western Germany were entertained by Mr. Churchill at the villa where he stayed, near Strasbourg. They included the Deputy Mayor of Berlin



THE JUNK FLEET APPROACHES THE CHUSAN ISLANDS IN HANGCHOW BAY: The invasion by Chinese Communists took place three months ago, and these are the first pictures to be released. The official disclosure in Taipeh that the Nationalists had abandoned their bases in the Chusans without a fight caused concern at the time as to whether a similar fate awaited Formosa. The announcement of the evacuation of the Chusan Islands was accompanied by assurances that the Nationalists would defend Formosa to the finish, but the event, coupled with the preceding debacle in Hainan, aroused serious doubts as to their ability to hold Formosa against a determined attack. Nationalist leaders complained that the United States and the allies were not giving them sufficient support. The war in Korea, however, caused a dramatic stiffening of America's attitude towards Formosa, culminating in General MacArthur's visit early this month (which is recorded on the opposite page) and assurances that there would be effective co-operation between United States and Chinese Nationalist forces

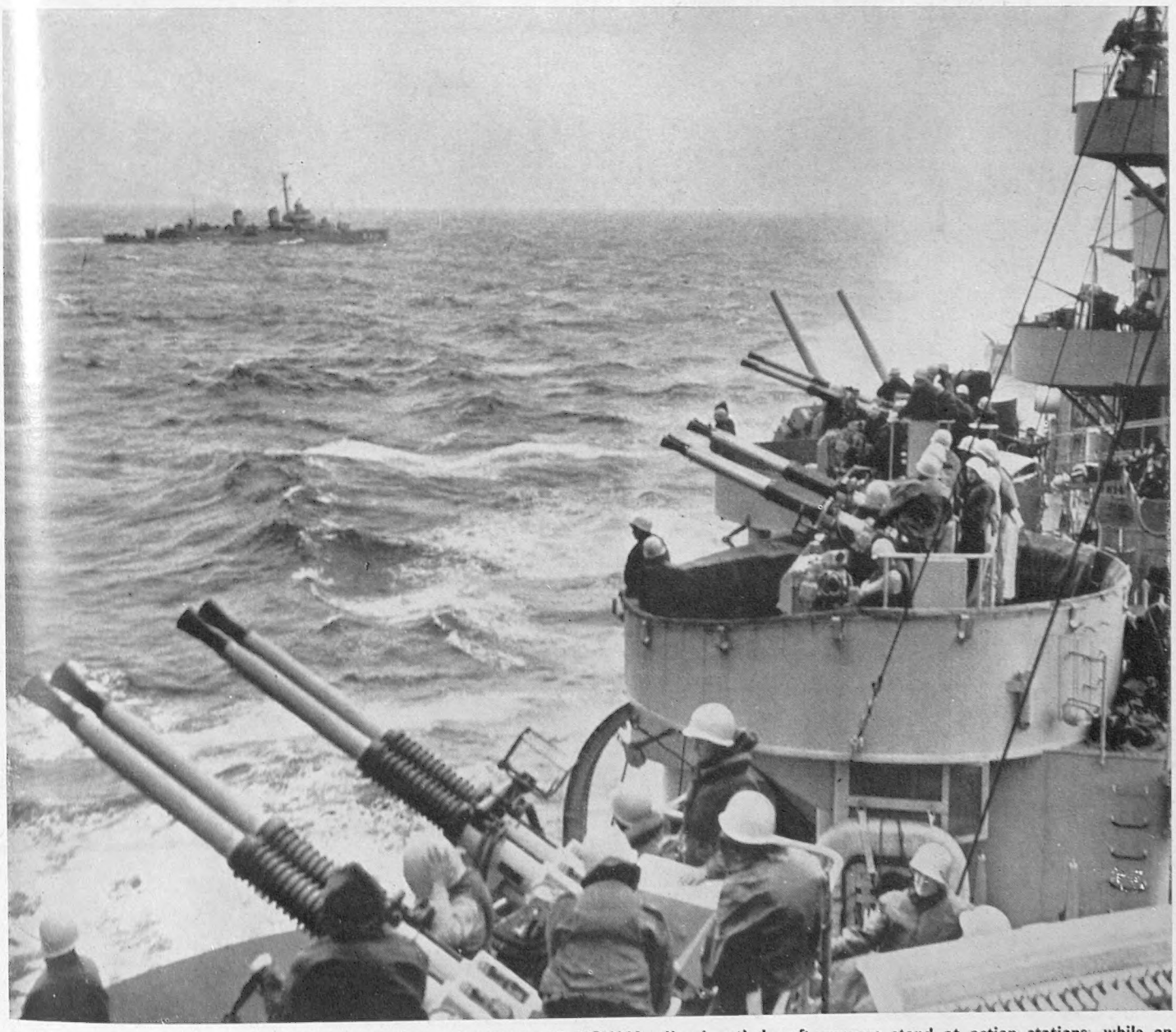
THE JUNK ARMADA

The Chinese Communist Invasion of the Chusan Islands

PREPARING FOR THE INVASION: Troops of the People's Liberation Army are seen loading howitzers on a junk while preparing for the invasion of the Chusans. The investment of the islands followed an increase in Russian military aid to the Communists

THE CHINESE COMMUNIST "PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY" CARRIES OUT ITS BLOODLESS INVASION: *Left*—Advance junks of the fleet approach one of the islands under covering fire. *Right*—The invaders make a landing without resistance. The islands had already been evacuated by the Nationalists. The main island of Chusan was the chief air base of General Chiang Kai-shek's army until the evacuation. The invasion was carried out by Communist General Chen Yi's Third Field Army

GENERAL MacARTHUR CHATS WITH GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK AND MADAME CHIANG AT TAIPEH, FORMOSA: The United Nations Commander-in Korea was a dinner guest of the Generalissimo after his conference on defence plans for Formosa. He stated that "effective co-ordination between American and Chinese forces had been arranged to meet any attack a hostile force might be foolish enough to attempt"



A CRUISER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY PATROLS THE STRAITS OF FORMOSA: Naval anti-aircraft gunners stand at action stations, while on a routine patrol between Formosa and the mainland. On June 27 President Truman ordered the United States 7th Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa, and one of General MacArthur's first questions on landing was "What arms do you need to defend the island?"

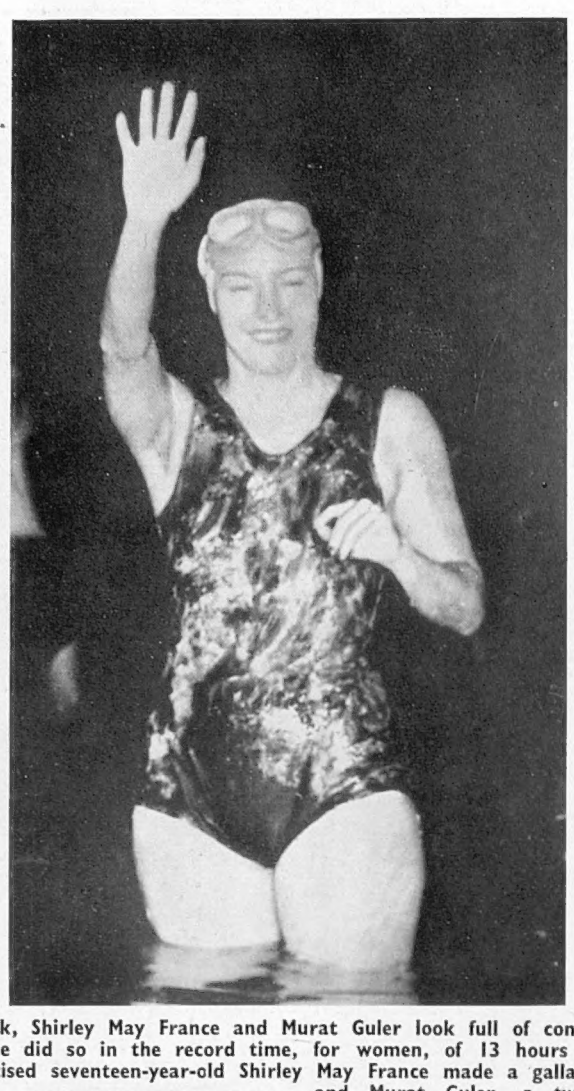
MacA. MEETS CHIANG

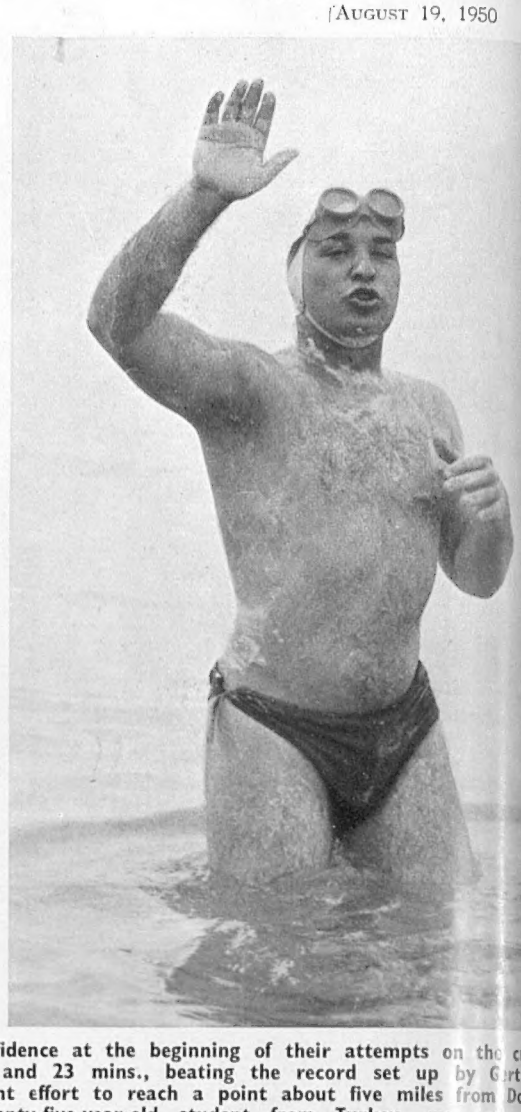
General MacArthur Completes Defence Arrangements for Formosa

General MacArthur's two-day visit to Formosa for conferences on the defence of the island against possible attack from the Communist mainland was followed by a confident statement that the success of such an attack would be unlikely. The General also renewed his acquaintance with General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and he gave high praise for his "old comrade-in-arms of the last war," saying that "His determination to resist Communist domination parallels the common interest and purpose of Americans that all peoples in the Pacific area shall be free—not slave."

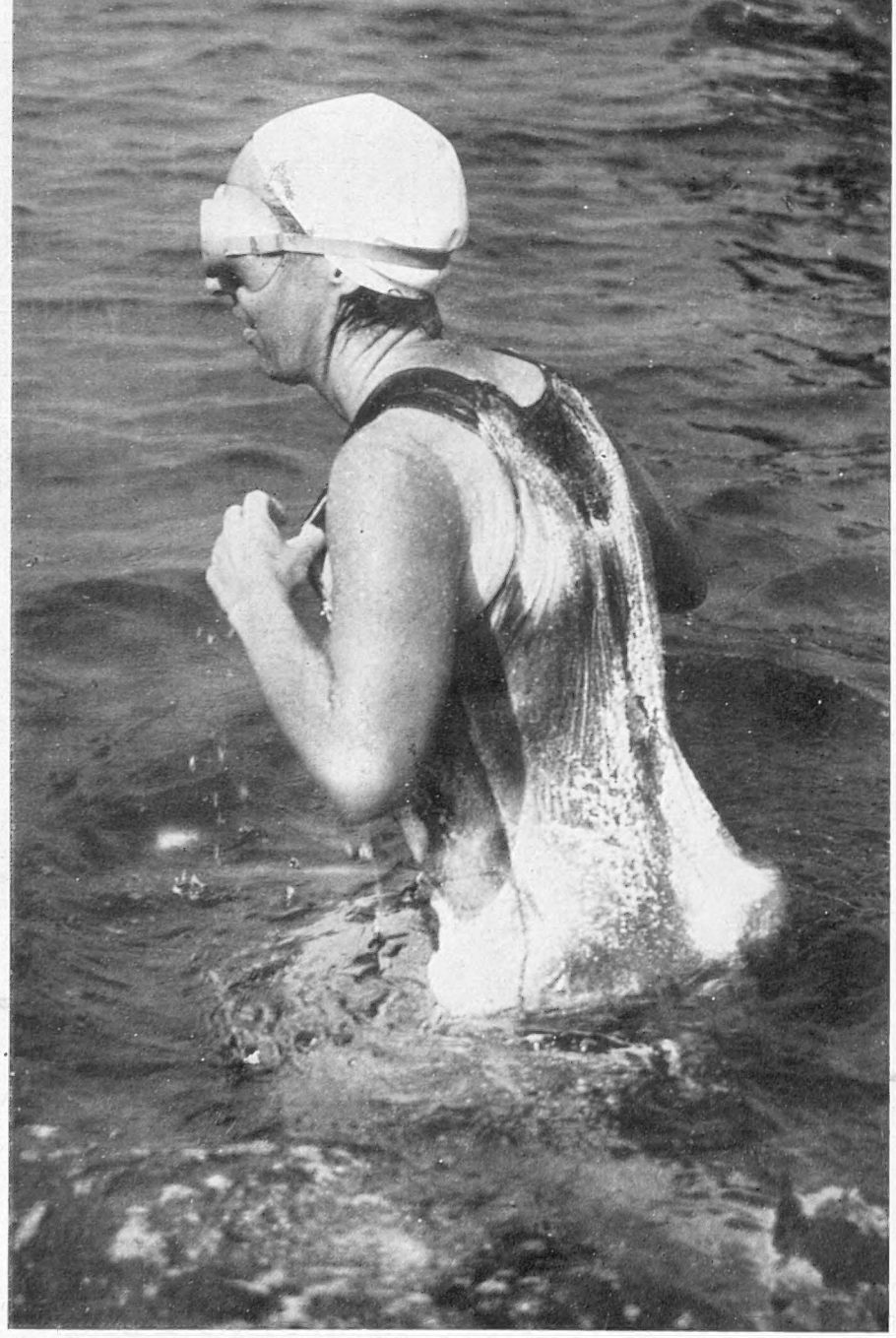
Some criticism of the visit was voiced in Australian newspapers, which pointed out that a sharp distinction must be drawn between resistance to Communist aggression in Korea and the support of the Kuomintang in Formosa or partisanship in the domestic strife in Asia.

It was pointed out that Australia had never expressed the wish to participate in the Peking Government's quarrel with the Nationalists; and the Commonwealth Government was urged to avoid becoming involved in it.





ENTERING THE WATER AT CAP GRIS NEZ: Florence Chadwick, Shirley May France and Murat Guler look full of confidence at the beginning of their attempts on the cross-Channel swim. Only Miss Chadwick succeeded, and she did so in the record time, for women, of 13 hours and 23 mins., beating the record set up by Gertrude Ederle in 1926 by 1 hour 16 mins. The much-publicised seventeen-year-old Shirley May France made a gallant effort to reach a point about five miles from Dover, and Murat Guler, a twenty-five-year-old student from Turkey, gave up after 21 hours when he was within three miles of the English coast. A fourth competitor, Senor Albertondo, from the Argentine, got to within two miles of the coast when he had to abandon his attempt after 25 hours in the water.



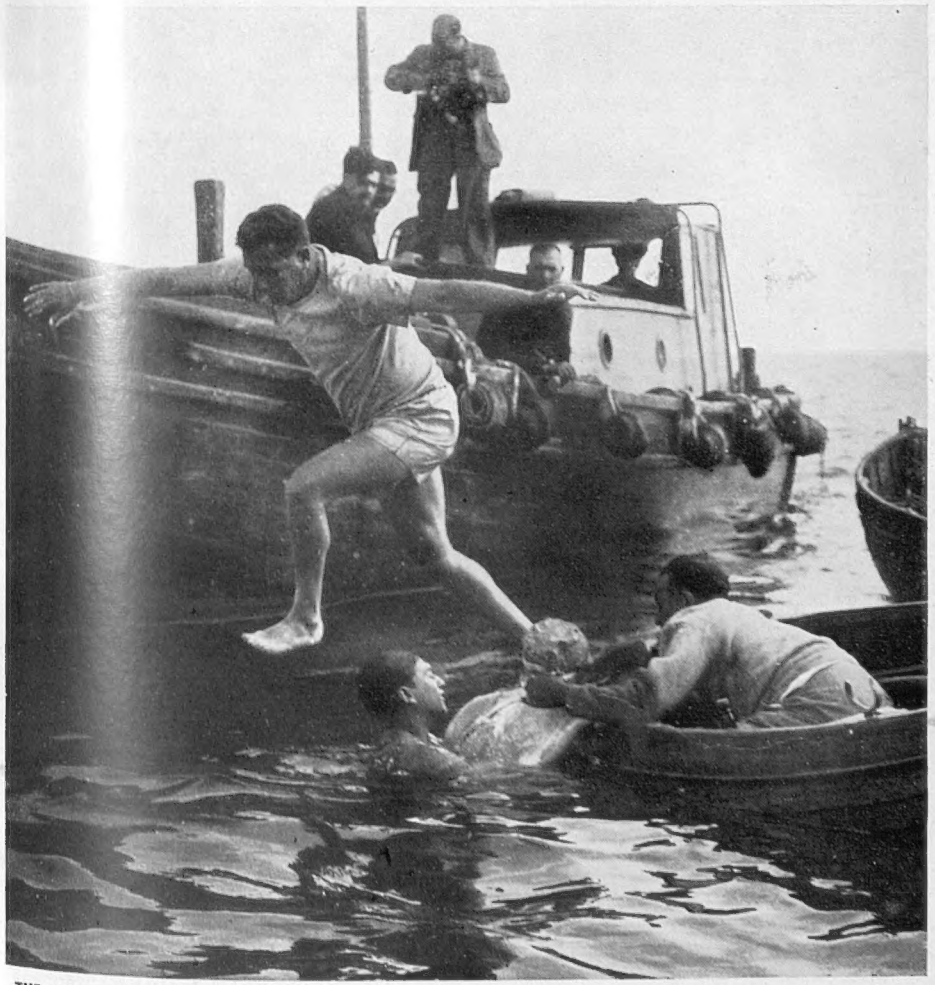
THE CHANNEL SWIMMING SEASON BEGINS

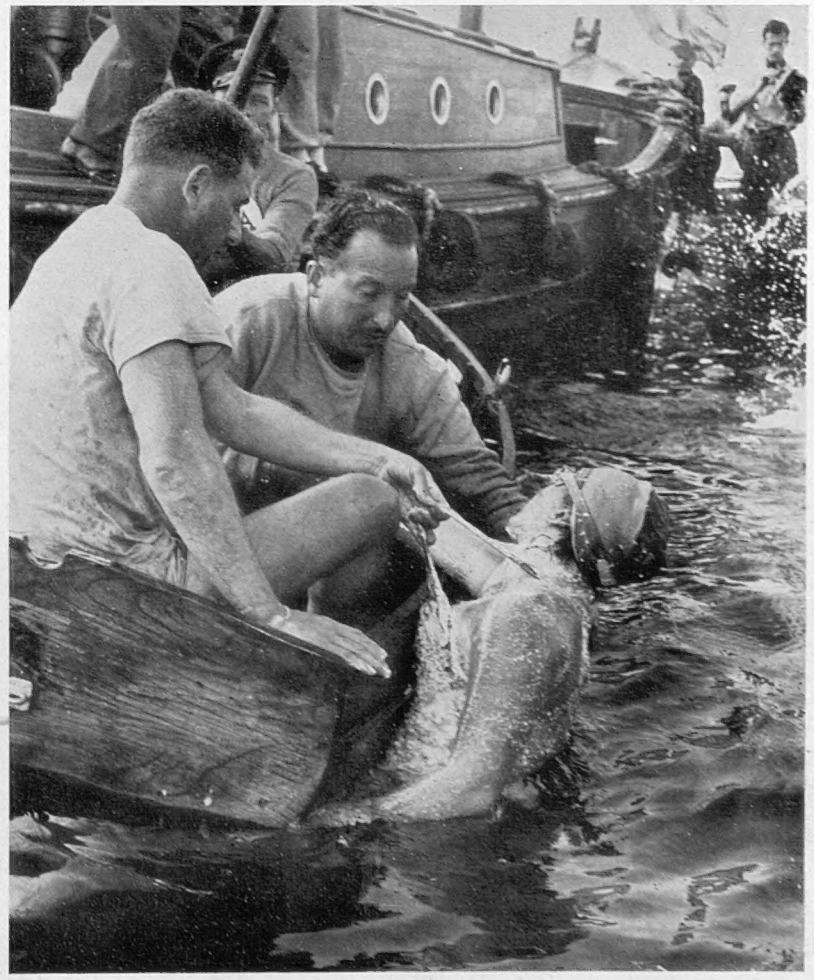
FOUR ENTER AND ONE SUCCEEDS

Miss Florence Chadwick, a thirty-one-year-old American typist from California, made her record-breaking attempt on the Channel with none of the ballyhoo which has accompanied every action of her young co-patriot, Shirley May France. She had been working for an oil company on the Persian Gulf, where she had been practising. In June she left the oil company, after saving enough money to train. She made a first attempt last month but had to give up after six hours. She used the American crawl stroke at thirty strokes a minute and sucked sixty-five sugar cubes during the long swim. She is the twelfth woman to swim the Channel, none of the intermediate ten were as fast as the first, Miss Gertrude Ederle

FLORENCE CHADWICK WADES ASHORE AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY, NEAR DOVER, AND (*right*) RETURNS TO FRANCE AFTER HER RECORD-BREAKING SWIM: After landing, she remarked, "These rocks are not so good to scramble over. I felt all right and I am quite prepared to swim back. It took four hours to do the last three miles because I found the current awfully strong." She was then taken out to the French fishing trawler which had accompanied her over, and returned to Boulogne

SHIRLEY [illegible]Y FRANCE MAKES HER ATTEMPT ACCOMPANIED BY FIVE BOATS: She was in the water for 13 hours 28 mins. before giving up. The attempt was financed by an Ame[illegible]n organisation and is said to have cost nearly £1,800. Miss France has been contributing a daily article which has been syndicated in 1,500 American newspa[illegible] and she has made more money from royalties on goods which she has endorsed. Her father has stated that she will not attempt the Channel crossing again



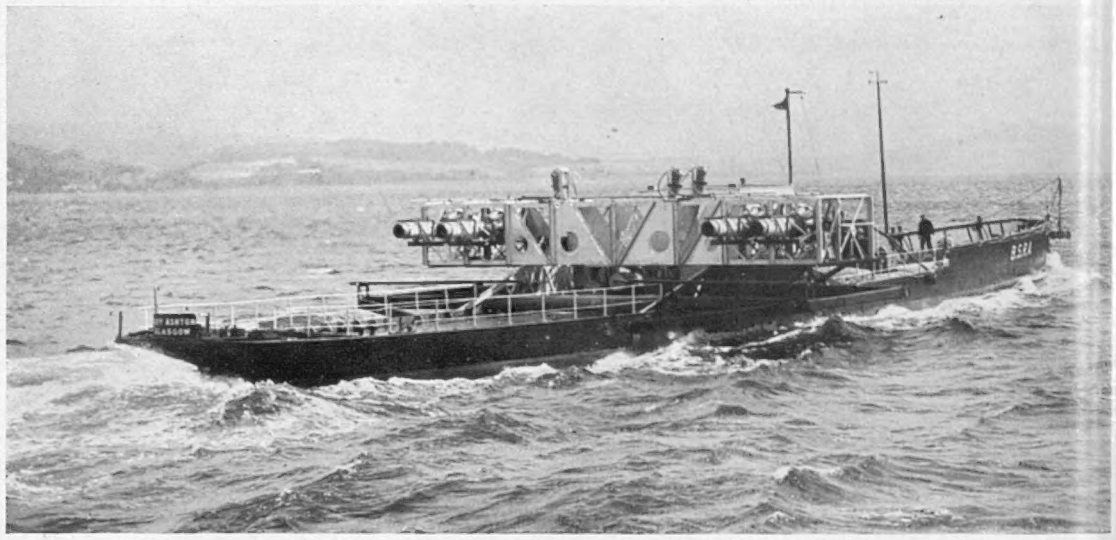


THE END OF A BRAVE EFFORT: Shirley May France's trainer, Harry Boudakian, leaps into the water to assist her as she was pulled aboard the boat in an exhausted state. The seventeen-year-old schoolgirl became hysterical when she knew that the second attempt had failed (she had swum for 10 hours 39 mins. last September). After the swim she was rushed to Dover in a motor-boat and carried ashore on a stretcher. There, a doctor diagnosed hysteria and ordered her a complete rest

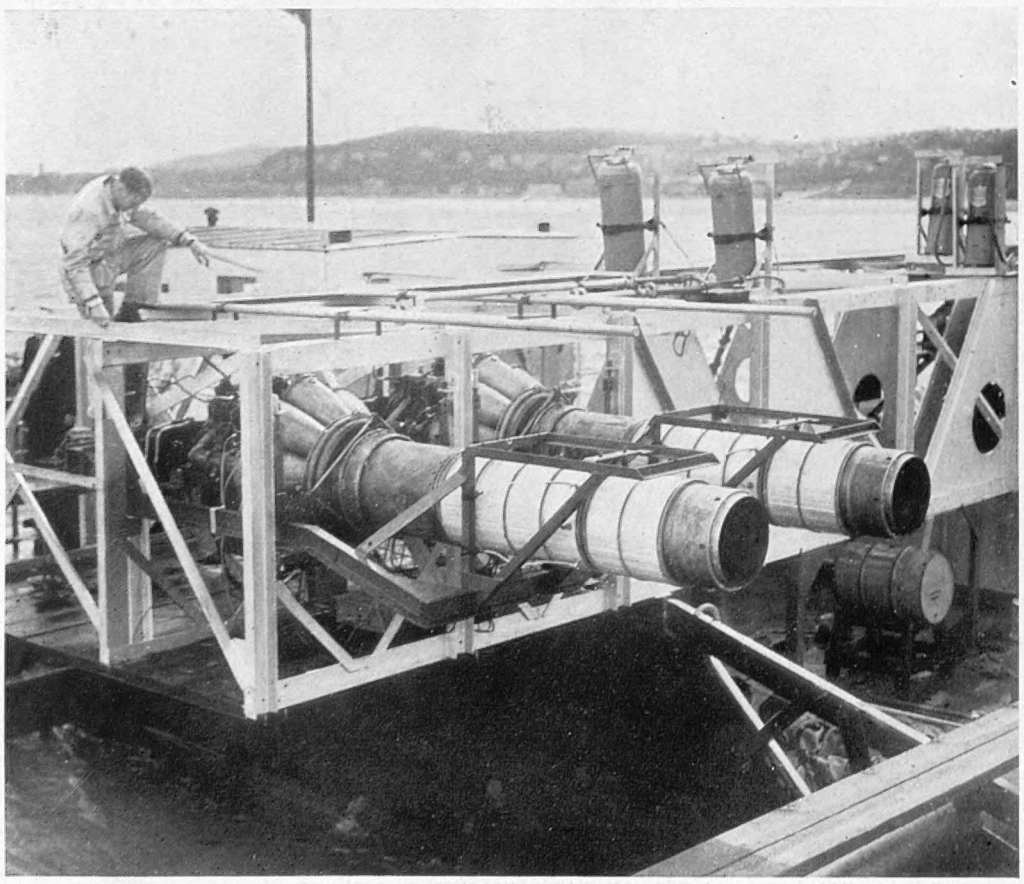
THE SIXTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD PADDLE-STEAMER, THE "LUCY ASHTON," TRAVELS AT SPEED ON THE CLYDE DURING THE BRITISH SHIPBUILDING RESEARCH ASSOCIATION'S EXPERIMENTS IN HULL RESISTANCE: Four Rolls-Royce jet engines have been fitted to a girder superstructure amidships to drive the ship at an unaccustomed speed. The roar of the engines was so deafening that the crew had to wear special cushioned earphones. Choppy seas in the Firth of Clyde hampered the first day's experiments but she was later moved to Gare Loch for trials over the measured mile. The scientists who manned the *Lucy Ashton* wore green and white cushioned earphones as protection against the roar of the jet engines, which equal the power units of two Meteor aircraft. Mr. J. G. Asher, secretary of the British Shipbuilding Research Association, said that from the point of view of manœuvrability, the main purpose of the initial tests, everything was perfectly satisfactory. From the data obtained, the Research Association hope to get valuable information on the effects of jet propulsion on the hulls of ships. Sir Maurice Denny anticipated "Valuable, perhaps classic, results" from the tests

FROM PADDLES TO JET ENGINES

The *Lucy Ashton* in a New Rôle



THE "LUCY ASHTON" HAS A SECOND LIFE: The old paddle-steamer, a familiar sight for many years on the Clyde, was rescued from a breaker's yard and stripped to the hull before conversion for the experiments on hull resistance. For the tests, she was manned by scientific experts



THE NEW POWER UNIT OF THE "LUCY ASHTON": Two of the four Rolls-Royce jet engines which are mounted either side of a girder superstructure on the hull. They develop a total thrust of 5,000 h.p. Heat from the engines could be felt on a launch 50 yards away from them

TALKING OVER THE ROAR OF THE JETS: Sir Maurice Denny, chairman of the shipyard which refitted the *Lucy Ashton*, talks to Mr. Stewart Baxter-Jones during first tests on the Firth of Clyde

THE UNITED STATES NAVY F 4U, THE CHANCE VOUGHT CORSAIR WHICH IS BEING FLOWN FROM AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS TO MAKE SORTIES IN KOREA: The Corsair prototype was delivered to the U.S. Navy in 1940 and, after prolonged tests, was ordered in quantity in the autumn of 1941. Until 1944, the aircraft was used as a land-based fighter, but at the end of that year the Corsair was assigned to aircraft-carriers. The present model is a much-improved version of the original and, in strikes against the North Koreans, it carries eight 5-in. rockets and three 1,600-lb. bombs in addition to its four 20-mm. cannon. Other carrier-borne aircraft which are being used in the Korean campaign are the Grumman Panther, jet fighter, and the Douglas Skyrader, attack plane

The STRIKING FORCE of the U.S. NAVY

The Chance Vought "Corsair"; the Grumman "Panther"; and the Martin "Mercator"

THE GRUMMAN PANTHER: Another carrier-operated aircraft used by the United States Navy in Korea. The original layout provided for four wing-mounted axial-flow jets, but this arrangement was abandoned for one fuselage-mounted high-powered jet. The Panther is here shown with its rocket load of six 5-in. weapons. In addition, it can carry two 1,000-lb. bombs as well as its four 20-mm. guns

THE NEW MARTIN MERCATOR: The P4M-1 Mercator is a long-range anti-submarine patrol plane. The prototype first flew in October 1946 and a production order for nineteen aircraft was authorised under the 1947 Naval Appropriations Bill. First deliveries have now been made and the new aircraft is now flying with a patrol squadron of the U.S. Navy at the Naval Air Test Centre, Patuxent River, Maryland. It is named after Gerard Mercator and is a cantilever shoulder-wing monoplane with a single fin and rudder and a dihedral tailplane. It is powered by two Pratt and Whitney Wasp Major 28-cylinder radial air-cooled engines and two Allison jet units, housed in the rear of the nacelles, with air intakes below the cowling of the radial engines

STRATEGIC BOMBING

ON THE KOREAN WAR FRONT

While the ground war in Korea was still dominated by the overwhelming superiority in numbers of the North Korean forces, the war in the air was heavily in favour of the south. In one twenty-four-hour period this month 550 sorties were flown by different types of aircraft of the United States Far East Air Force, and the Royal Australian Air Force. In that period, ninety vehicles of all types, ten locomotives, forty-three railroad wagons and seven guns were hit, in addition to troop-strafing on a big scale. Fifth Air Force B 26 light bombers made a surprise raid on Inchon harbour and sank a freighter, estimated at 10,000 tons; and four smaller coastal ships were damaged. Seoul marshalling yards were attacked and 80 tons of high-explosives cut the lines and hit machine-shops. These were the main features of the day's report, and it was stated that no north Korean air opposition was met and there was no damage to attacking aircraft or personnel from anti-aircraft fire. This, however, was only part of the picture, for the North Korean forces were still advancing to make their drive across the Naktong River, the latest last line.

A STRAFING ATTACK BY THE UNITED STATES FIFTH AIR FORCE: In the centre a small village, which was being used to shelter North Korean vehicles and troops, is seen in flames. Other targets may be discerned just off the road in the background. The attack was made by U.S. F 80 jet fighters

WELL ON TARGET: A fuel or ammunition train is left burning after an accurate bombing attack on North Korean communications by United States Navy planes from an aircraft-carrier of the Seventh Fleet. This successful sortie took place near Kumchon, which lies about 15 miles west of the Naktong River and 30 miles north-west of Taegu

BRIDGE-BUSTING IN KOREA: Ten tons of bombs from B 29 bombers of the U.S. Far East Air Force cut two important railroad bridges on the North Korean communications lines. They are situated near Pakchon, 40 miles north of Pyongyang

DIRECT HIT ON AN OIL REFINERY: Planes of the Seventh Fleet carried out this successful raid on the Wonsan oil refinery last month. The dense clouds of black smoke could be seen 60 miles out at sea

UNITED STATES ARMY RATIONS BEING UNLOADED IN A RAILROAD SIDING: While the key battles of the Naktong River, the last natural barrier to the Northern forces, were being waged, the United States supply ships, trains and trucks were building up dumps for quick transmission to the fighting lines. In Washington, President Truman was asking Congress for a further £412,800,000 supplementary funds to meet the Korean crisis, bringing the total extra sums requested since July 24 to more than £5,000,000,000. The entire volunteer reserve of the Marine Corps, numbering 80,000 officers and men, has been mobilised and 50,000 of them are due to be called up by the end of October

THE BIG BUILD-UP

SUPPLIES FOR THE UNITED NATIONS' FORCES IN SOUTHERN KOREA

RUSHING SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT LINE: *Left*—A 25th Division convoy fords a river gully, while South Koreans repair a bridge to speed transport of troops and supplies. *Right*—An ordnance-unit truck convoy sets out from the railhead after loading up from flat cars. Even inside Pusan the Allies are encountering setbacks. A communiqué referred to "widespread thefts of military supplies, which, it is presumed, are being handed to guerilla units in the overcrowded town"

OIL FROM ARABIA: The pier at the Ras Tanura, marine terminal at Al Hase, in Saudi Arabia, extends over wide sands into the Persian Gulf to allow large tankers to come alongside. With the exception of oil which is piped to Bahrein, it is the exportation-point for all oil shipped from Arabia. Standard Oil is one of the big firms which use the marine terminal

AN OIL PORT ON THE PERSIAN GULF

AND A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A FRONTIER INCIDENT: French, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, Italian and British students meet a party from Germany on the French-German border near Wissembourg to declare "Federation or Perish." *Left*—The arrival at Germanstof for the demonstration. The Customs house is on the right. *Right*—Burning the wooden frontier barriers. The students were apparently making their demonstration to impress delegates to the Council of Europe. Marching into the no-man's-land between the two countries, they smashed the frontier barriers, made a bonfire of them and unfurled the flag of Europe above it. The demonstration was carefully timed and planned, and took place at the Wissembourg–Weiler frontier post, 40 miles from Strasbourg. At a signal, one of the girl students fainted into the arms of a frontier guard. While first-aid was being administered, the students marched through and started sawing down the Customs pole and barriers. They were joined by the German contingent and a declaration was read in French, German and English which was addressed to the Governments and peoples of Europe, in which it was stated that "For the first time in history, a frontier has been pulled down, not by force of arms but in a spirit of brotherly love"

TITO'S NEW ROAD: Yugoslavia completed the first major project of its five-year-plan when the 300-mile-long road, linking Belgrade with Zagreb, was opened at the end of last month. The Minister of Transport, Bozidar Maslaric, is here seen cutting the red tape to open the road at the Zagreb end. Among the 340,000 workers who worked for three years to build the road was a party of volunteers from Great Britain. The celebrations to mark the opening began in Zagreb and included a motor cavalcade which made the first official journey to Belgrade. In Belgrade, Boris Kidric, State Minister of Planning, addressed a large crowd at the end of the three-day celebrations. He ridiculed the Russian statement that the road was built as part of Western strategic plans and said that it was designed for the economic welfare of Yugoslavia

MARSHAL TITO BREAKS HIS HOLIDAY: The Prime Minister of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia inspects Yugoslavia's newest cargo vessel at Pula, while he was taking a holiday on the Adriatic island of Brioni. The ship was built in Holland

THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA CELEBRATES HIS FIFTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY: Haile Selassie was acclaimed by a large crowd when he made an appearance on the balcony of his palace in Addis Ababa. In the above picture he is seen presenting a parcel of books to a young student, during part of the celebrations which took place on the day before his birthday. Several Abyssinian and foreign students were rewarded for their proficiency in the ceremony. The prizes were selected by the Vice-Minister of Education and given to the Emperor for distribution

A BRITISH CORPORAL SEEKS REFUGE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: Corporal John Keith Waller, of Romford, in Essex, addresses a Russian-licensed Press conference in the Soviet Sector of Berlin, to explain his reasons for deserting the British Army of Occupation. In the centre is the Soviet Zone propaganda chief, Gerhard Eisler, and on the right is Private First Class Robert Natskakula, of Natrona, Pennsylvania, of the United States Army, whose defection was announced at the same time as that of Waller. Corporal Waller said that he deserted in search of liberty, and said: "On the day I reported to the Army, January 14, 1948, I was a soldier of the King, but I was also an instrument in the hands of the so-called Socialist Government." The British authorities have asked permission to question Corporal Waller

THE FUNERAL OF A MAORI LEADER: *Left*—**Close relations of Sir Apirana Ngata, the New Zealand statesman who died at the age of seventy-six, are seen on the porch of the Porourangi Meeting House at Waiomatatini behind Sir Apirana's coffin. The photographs are of the late Maori leader and his family.** *Right*—**An armed warrior leads a cry from Maoris to announce the arrival of official guests to the funeral.** Sir Apirana Ngata had made many contributions to the literature of his country and was a member of the committee which carried out the version of the Maori Bible. He was acting Prime Minister when the late Premier, Mr. George Forbes, was attending a conference in London

LIFE AT HADDON RIG

AN AUSTRALIAN MERINO BREEDING STATION IN THE "GREAT OUTBACK"

Anyone who believes that the life of an Australian wool-grower is just a matter of sitting back and waiting for several thousand sheep to present him with profitable new fleeces each year should visit Haddon Rig, the out-back sheep station of G. B. S. Falkiner, near Warren, N.S.W. Although primarily not a "wool-grower," for his 90,000 level, sparsely-grassed acres of typically Australian outback country are devoted exclusively to raising "stud" animals for breeding purposes, his sheep have the reputation of being the equal of any, if not the best, breed throughout the vast sub-continent.

This is high praise indeed, for Australia is noted, now and in the past, for its pioneer sheep-growers, who not only made the business of wool-growing the primary export of the country, but managed to improve both the breed of animal and the quality of its wool to a point where comparison with the original is out of the question.

In running Haddon Rig, which he inherited from his father, who was also an important figure in the history of the development of high-quality wool, Falkiner is operating a big business, as well as a series of intensely practical, scientific experiments. To tend his herd of approximately 40,000 pure-bred Merino sheep, he employs ten boundary men, who take care of 330 miles of fence, nine sheep-herders, and six "jackaroos" (apprentice growers), as well as cooks, roustabouts, and the annual shearing crew which appears once each year to shear the 350,000 lb. of wool his animals produce.

Wool, however, is only a by-product in the Haddon Rig production schedule, for Falkiner's interest, both financial and personal, is in the raising of highest quality Merino rams. In this, he is probably the outstanding example of the combination of good business-man, scientist and animal breeder. Income from wool averages £24,000 a year gross, while sale of rams brings in only £20,000, ewes £8,000, which may net Falkiner as much as £24,000 a year, in good years. A bad year—and at least one year in seven is a bad year—may lose as much as £40,000.

Every year vast amounts are spent in inoculations, sprays, and other preventative treatment for such ailments and plagues as blow-fly, which costs £6,000 a year alone. Much of this expense is undertaken so that Falkiner can assure himself and potential buyers of Haddon Rig stock that there are no healthier, more productive sheep in Australia.

Falkiner is the first to admit that there are other herds with finer wool, other animals as hardy and healthy as his, but he believes—and a goodly number of wool-growers agree with him to the extent of bidding his prize rams into the £2,000 per ram class—that there are no better sheep for the production of consistently high-quality wool of the type Haddon Rig specialises in. This is the uniform quality ranging in count between 60–64.

Haddon Rig rams, which are designed for the average conditions of Australia, have developed to a point of such consistency that their fleece can be recognised just by this fact. A first-class ram will cut up to 40 lb. of wool each twelve months, while the finer counts seldom cut half that amount.

On his sheep station Falkiner tries to keep the sheep population constant, breeds from 18,000 to 20,000 rams and ewes each year. The ewes produce from 12,000 to 15,000 lambs, depending on the season, whether good or bad, with the biggest percentage born in the spring. These are the run-of-the-herd animals, which are sold as such, without special pedigree. Approximately 2,000 specials are chosen. A record is kept of these animals, including pedigree, progeny record for each ewe. On this record is entered the sire of the lamb, any defects or deformities, or irregularities of sex life, such as missing season, or difficulty in mating. In this way "sky breeders" (a hereditary characteristic) are eliminated. Just the keeping of records on so many animals is a huge task. The general procedure is to select at about two-and-a-half years rams showing most desirable physical characteristics in their fleece and general conformation. These rams are used for two seasons, with a close watch kept on their offspring. By the third season, the quality of their progeny has been established, so the best of these rams are selected for breeding with the "specials," either by artificial insemination or by natural mating. A good average is 400 lambs per ram.

At birth, male and female progeny are about equal. Owing to the male being more delicate, by the time the lambs are six months old the females predominate by 10 per cent. Shortly after birth, lambs are marked with register marks in one ear, with the other ear marked to denote age. At this time the tails are cut off to prevent disease. Ewes are examined and treated for blow-fly, to which they are especially susceptible immediately after giving birth. Their toes are trimmed, if necessary. For stud rams, the lambs are weaned at about four months, then shorn. At twelve months they have their horns trimmed, and are inspected about every week or ten days for fly strike.

THE MASTER OF HADDON RIG MAKES HIS MORNING ROUNDS: *Left*—Followed by two of his men, Mr. George Falkiner sets out to inspect his property and stock. *Right*—Mr. Falkiner inspecting the wool on one of his prize Merino rams. Mr. Falkiner is not primarily a wool-grower, Haddon Rig being devoted essentially to raising stud animals of the best type for sale at high prices to other sheep breeders

A COMMON SIGHT ON THE ROADS OF AUSTRALIA'S "GREAT OUTBACK": A sheep-drover with his flock, his horse and his dog. On his 90,000 acres at Haddon Rig Mr. George Falkiner has no fewer than 40,000 pure-bred sheep, and many of the great flocks in Australia to-day owe their continued development to Falkiner's work

Of all the rams sold by Falkiner, about fifty are bought directly by wool-growers themselves. The rest are selected by Falkiner, at the buyers' request. This is simple and safe, for the actual grading of the animals is not done by Haddon Rig employees but by a professional sheep-classer, who is employed by the owner, at the rate of so much per 1,000. The idea in employing an outside judge is that the owner is apt to get a bit blind to his own sheep's faults.

While Falkiner sells around £20,000 worth of rams annually, without a written contract or agreement, bad debts or failure to pay is unknown, although hard luck and bad seasons have caused him to wait, often for years.

At two years three months the reserve rams, having been given the best possible attention, are very carefully classed and about six used as "top sires" for the pedigreed ewes. These rams are not usually sold, as they are the backbone of the "stud farm."

Such animals are the exception, but it is rams such as these that keep up the tradition of Haddon Rig, and bring in the profits. It is also such records that have given Falkiner, and other Australian "stud-farm" owners, the feeling of producing something more than just sheep or wool—a realisation that they have made a definite contribution to their country and the world.

HAND-SHEARING A PRIZE MERINO RAM ON THE HADDON RIG ESTATE: This is done with the dexterity but not the speed witnessed at the normal wool clip. Here the ram is robbed of his fleece with due deference for his vast value

A NEWLY-SHORN "MOB" OF SHEEP IS RETURNED TO THE PADDOCK FROM THE SHEARING SHEDS: The average clip is 25 lb. per sheep for twelve months' growth. A first-class ram, of the type developed at Haddon Rig, will provide up to 40 lb. of wool for each twelve months. Mr. Falkiner tries to keep his sheep population constant from year to year. Between 12,000 and 15,000 lambs are born, depending on the season

PREPARING A ROPE FENCE FOR THE NIGHT: Boundarymen on the Haddon Rig property engaged in coralling a mob of sheep. Mr. Falkiner employs ten boundarymen, who take care of 330 miles of fence, nine sheep-herders and six jackaroos, not to mention cooks and sheep-shearers

LEAVING THE SHED AFTER MEDICAL TREATMENT: A pure-bred Merino ram leaps high into the air after being released from the stockade. Every year on the Falkiner estate vast sums are spent in inoculations, sprays and other treatments for the sheep

CAERPHILLY AND MACHRIHANISH

AN AUGUST OCCASION—THE 1950 ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT CAERPHILLY: *On left*—Peris Rees hands to Archdruid Cynan the traditional sheaf of corn and flowers. *On right*—The Bishop of Bangor, the Right Rev. J. C. Jones, who was admitted to the highest order of Gorsedd, touches the sword prior to being presented to the Archdruid. Mr. John Morris, of Menai Bridge, Anglesey, a retired inspector of schools, was also initiated into the Gorsedd Circle of Druids. The Bardic Crown was this year won by the Rev. Euros Bowen, Vicar of Llangower, near Bala, a North Wales bard. The winner in the Bardic Chair competition was the Rev. Gwilym R. Tilsley, Methodist Minister of Aberdare

THE REDEVELOPMENT OF A 500-YEAR-OLD COALFIELD IN ARGYLLSHIRE: Stretching across the Mull of Kintyre from Machrihanish to Campbeltown, the coalfield is believed to hold some 40,000,000 tons of workable coal. *Above*—A general view of the colliery. *On left*—Ship-loading plant in operation at the Campbeltown Pier. The lorry tips the coal into the hopper and it is then conveyed up the loading boom and aboard the ship through the swivelling chute. The coalfield, which is being redeveloped by the National Coal Board, was first worked for King James IV. Already more than 250 tons of good quality coal are being mined daily from a coalfield which was abandoned in 1928. In the not-too-distant future the output will be increased to between 400 and 500 tons a day. The redevelopment scheme has resulted in a considerable decrease of the numbers of unemployed in the district

THE STUDIO OF HANS VAN MEEGEREN, THE MASTER FORGER : This was the room in No. 321, Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, where Van Meegeren lived in the last years of his life, after he had become wealthy through the sale of his forged Vermeers, many of which went to Hermann Goering. On September 5 and 6, No. 321 will be the scene of the sale of all Van Meegeren's property, including some of his forged masterpieces

THE MAN WHO MASTERED THE VERMEER TECHNIQUE : The late Hans Van Meegeren, who died in 1947, broken and embittered. He made about £1,000,000 from faked Vermeers. It was not until summer 1945, that the forgeries became known on Van Meegeren's confession when he was facing trial for pro-Nazi activities

VAN MEEGEREN THE LAST PHASE

THE COMING SALE IN AMSTERDAM OF THE PROPERTY OF THE GREAT FORGER

In 1936 it was announced from Holland that a Dutch family living in Paris in modest circumstances had been astounded by the discovery that an old picture which had lain unframed in their linen cupboard for "many years" was a masterpiece by the seventeenth-century painter Vermeer. Dr. Bredius, the Dutch art expert, to whom the picture was sent, is stated to have recognised the picture, which represents Christ and His Disciples at Emmaus, as a genuine Vermeer and to have discovered Vermeer's signature in a corner under a thick coat of varnish. The art world was agog with the news, and it set going a train of events that must be accounted without parallel in the history of art and of art forgery.

To-day in Amsterdam the last phase in that story is about to be enacted at a seventeenth-century house on the fashionable Keizersgracht, where the property of the late Iohannes Van Meegeren is now being prepared for sale, his estate including many art treasures which he acquired during the height of his prosperity in the days of the Nazi occupation of Holland. Even when that sale is concluded on September 6 the story of Van Meegeren will not be over, and it will doubtless be told and retold for centuries to come as an example of human ingenuity playing upon human gullibility and, in a measure, on human cupidity.

To return to the events of the '30's and what happened after the discovery in the Paris attic, it was only a matter of weeks before three prominent Rotterdam business men bought the Emmaus painting for £62,000 and presented it to Rotterdam's Boymans Museum, where the Dutch public flocked to see it during the summer of 1938. At this time no one seriously doubted the antiquity of the picture, and its authenticity seemed to be fully established. Art critics were loud in their praise of the new Vermeer, and the Dutch public joined in the general enthusiasm. It was felt that this newly-discovered masterpiece gave a new glory to the name of Vermeer, and the Dutch public joined in the general enthusiasm.

Then, in the summer of 1945, came the bombshell. Iohannes Van Meegeren, a suspected Dutch Nazi, an artist who was believed to have made a fortune

Continued on following page)

THE STUDIO ON THE AMSTERDAM CANALS, WHERE THE SALE OF THE VAN MEEGEREN PROPERTY WILL TAKE PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 5 AND 6: The house at No. 321, Keizersgracht. Here the master forger lived in luxury until the Dutch Government decided to prosecute him for collaboration with the enemy. It was then that Van Meegeren revealed that he had hoodwinked the Nazis by selling them faked masterpieces. The art world was confounded, but Van Meegeren proved up to the hilt that he was indeed the master forger that he had claimed himself to be

TREASURES OF THE VAN MEEGEREN HOME, WHICH IS BEING SOLD UP: In the background is a portrait of Mrs. Van Meegeren by her husband. On the table is an enormous executioner's sword, also other valuable items in Van Meegeren's art collection, which was gathered together in the days of his prosperity

THE HALL OF THE OLD HOUSE ON THE CANAL: In some ways it reminds the beholder of the famous interiors of de Hooch, another Dutch master whom Van Meegeren was wont to copy. On the walls of the hall are some of Van Meegeren's paintings, which may be eagerly sought by the collectors

VAN MEEGEREN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE: This picture, entitled "Christ Preaching in the Temple," is included in the sale of the Dutch forger's property, and there is keen speculation as to how much it will fetch at auction. The picture was painted by Van Meegeren in the presence of police witnesses, members of the Military Government in Holland, and representatives of the art world after he had already confessed to forging several works attributed to Vermeer, including the celebrated painting "Christ With His Disciples at Emmaus," for which Dutch art-lovers had paid £62,000 in 1938 before presenting it to the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam. After seeing "Christ Preaching in the Temple," the critics were for the most part satisfied that Van Meegeren's claim to be the forger was genuine. In this last fake Van Meegeren used the lapis lazuli, the Vermeer blue, which for centuries was thought lost

ALL IS MADE READY FOR THE SALE IN THE FORMER HOME OF THE GREAT FORGER: Looking from the studio to the large hall at No. 321, Keizersgracht. The beautiful chimney, with its Biblical tiles, belonged to the house before Van Meegeren bought it. The Renaissance chandeliers, said to be of great value, were bought by Van Meegeren, who spent a great deal of the wealth he acquired from the Nazis on the beautification of his home. In the foreground, standing on an easel, is Van Meegeren's picture "Punch and Judy Show," and behind it "The Girl from Laren." Vermeer used to sign his paintings I.V.M., as also did I(ohannes) V(an) M(eegeren), a curious coincidence which may have had something to do with Van Meegeren's decision to create Vermeers

THE LAST PHASE

(continued from page 269)

by collaboration with the Germans and whose guilt was emphasised by the extraordinary luxury in which he lived in his house on Amsterdam's Keizersgracht, astonished the world and confounded the art critics by declaring in his own defence before a Dutch court that, so far from selling Vermeers to the Nazis, as he was said to have done, he had foisted on them a whole set of fakes. Van Meegeren declared, indeed, that he had produced a series of bogus masterpieces by Vermeer, de Hooch, Terborgh and Franz Hals, including the masterpiece of "Christ With His Disciples at Emmaus," discovered in the Paris attic. Van Meegeren, who largely practised his art in a studio at Nice, confessed that in all he had made £1,000,000 from his bogus paintings. This confession was intended to clear his name as a Nazi collaborator, but for Van Meegeren, not to mention the art critics, even more vital issues were involved.

Most of the critics refused to believe Van Meegeren's confession, and so there came about the great test. Asked if he could repeat the Emmaus picture if given the opportunity, seventeenth-century canvas, and the necessary chemical ingredients, the master forger replied: "I can do better. I will paint another Vermeer."

Van Meegeren was as good as his word. After two months of work without models, and in the presence of at least six witnesses, representing the court, the public prosecution, the police, the Military Government and the art world, he painted "Christ Preaching in the Temple." Art experts pronounced it to be a fine picture strictly in the Vermeer style, and containing the famous and costly lapis lazuli, the blue that the Master of Delft made famous. Van Meegeren also used the red and yellow found in the undoubtedly real "The Milk Girl," but also in the apparently false "Anointment of the Feet," bought for £150,000 during the German occupation of Holland.

And so Van Meegeren went free of political blame, but in May 1946 he stood trial again on a charge of getting money under false pretences. Whatever else the first trial had done or not done, it had revealed the master forger of the age, perhaps of all time, a misguided genius whose motives may never be truly understood. A year later, while storms of controversy beat about his head, Johannes Van Meegeren died a broken and embittered man, an artist of genius who had forged his way to a fortune and talked himself into gaol.

THE MUSIC ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF VAN MEEGEREN'S HOME: On an easel on the right is the most precious genuine piece in the forger's collection. It is "The Singing Lesson," by Gerard Terborgh, a master whom Van Meegeren is said to have imitated on at least one occasion, much to his own personal profit. On the doorway hangs a rare silken Cæsaræa cloth. Some of Van Meegeren's silverware (all genuine antiques) is seen on the table

LAVENDER and MINT from BRITAIN'S FIELDS

Harvesting in Norfolk and Middlesex

CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PURPLE FIELDS OF NORFOLK—GATHERING LAVENDER BLOOMS IN A FIELD NEAR HUNSTANTON : The fine spells during June and July have made this season's crop a good one. When the harvesting began, travellers to the fields could smell Britain's sweetest harvest from far off. Not far from Hunstanton, at Fring, is Britain's largest lavender field. It measures 50 acres. Since the war much of the oil extracted from the blooms is exported. Mr. Linn Chilvers, a Hunstanton nurseryman, extracts the oil from his harvest at a distillation plant housed in a disused barn at Fring. Extracting the oil is a tiring task, for the yield is quite small. About 4½ cwt. of ordinary blooms yield only 3 lb. of oil. The plant grows for about eight years and the best oil yield is considered to be in the third and fourth years

Below—**BRINGING IN THE MINT AT LALEHAM, MIDDLESEX :** Volunteer harvest-workers sorting out the mint in readiness for packing and despatching to market. The volunteers who help out on the land during their holidays are housed in Laleham Park Agricultural Camp, from which place they are sent out when required in the surrounding areas

A NEW DOME FOR ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK

Restoring the Bomb-damaged Church at the Back of the Mansion House

HIGH UP IN THE DOME OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK: A plasterer strengthens a cornice of the dome which is reputed to have been more or less an experiment, preliminary to the building of St. Paul's Cathedral. The dome of St. Stephen's is now being rebuilt following the bomb-damage sustained during the Second World War

Under the bold and imaginative plans for the reorganisation of the City of London churches, the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, has been designated to become one of the new fifteen parish churches of the City. Like several of the other fourteen, St. Stephen's was badly damaged during the air raids on London. The restoration of St. Stephen's has, however, been under way for some time, and craftsmen are now working on a new dome to replace the one which, it is said, Wren used as an experiment before going ahead with his plans for St. Paul's Cathedral. The new dome is being constructed with oak from 200-year-old trees in Herefordshire. St. Stephen's was Wren's parish church when he lived at No. 5, Walbrook. During extensive repairs in 1850, over 4,000 coffins were found beneath the church. Among those buried at the church was Sir John Vanbrugh, author of *The Relapse*. Pendleton, celebrated in song as the Vicar of Bray, was at one time an incumbent of the parish. The present restoration work at St. Stephen's will take about two years to complete

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK, REGARDED AS ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE WREN CHURCHES, NOW IN THE PROCESS OF RESTORATION AFTER WARTIME DAMAGE: The corrugated-iron roof structure has been erected to protect the work which is being carried out on the dome. The church is situated behind the Mansion House. The present church replaces a church destroyed in the Great Fire

WORKMEN ENGAGED IN THE RESTORATION OF ST. STEPHEN'S DOME WHICH IS TEMPORARILY COVERED WITH A CORRUGATED-IRON ROOF: *On left*—Carpenters within the church working on the second ring of the dome. *On right*—Fixing the wind-breakers on the outside dome structure. The men employed on the restoration work are working from Sir Christopher Wren's original plans for the church. The first "St. Stephen Super Walbrook" was probably built in the eleventh century

BUILDING A TAXI-TRACK AT THE LONDON AIRPORT: The triangular system of dual runways has already been laid down, and the main approach and runway lighting installed. Much still remains to be done, including the making of these taxi-tracks, and the construction of the terminal buildings and aircraft parks, which will be in a central area

CONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS ON THE SOUTH-EAST SUBWAY: This will carry traffic from the central terminal buildings beneath the runways to the main London road. There will be entries and exits for cars, cycles and pedestrians in these subways. The total width of the tunnels will be 86 ft. They are being built by what is known as the "cut-and-cover" method. Enormous trenches are dug along the line of the subway, and reinforced concrete tunnels, surrounded by anti-damp materials, are built at the bottom

THE RUNWAYS, VIEWED FROM THE PRESENT TEMPORARY CONTROL TOWER AT LONDON AIRPORT: Members of the public are able to watch arrivals and departures from this part of the airport, being charged 6d. for the use of deck-chairs. Work has already begun on the construction of the permanent buildings, which will be in the centre of the triangular runways. The work of building the airport was begun four years ago

LONDON AIRPORT

TERMINUS of the SKY ROUTES

The Completion of a New Stage in its Development

While New York goes ahead with her international airport out at Idelwild, 35 miles from the city centre, on land reclaimed and filled with silt from Jamaica Bay, a no less elaborate international air terminus is in process of completion on this side of the Atlantic, the new London Airport at Heathrow, which is only 15 miles from the City. London Airport has progressed steadily in the past four years. The triangular system of dual runways has been laid down, main approach and runway lighting has been installed, and the first servicing hangars have been erected. The next step is to make the terminal buildings and aircraft parks, which will be in a central area of 54 acres. Some of the tunnels are already finished.

As the central area is separated from the Bath Road by runways and taxi-tracks, all traffic to and from the terminal buildings will have to travel underground. There will be entries and exits for cars, cycles, and pedestrians along subways two-fifths of a mile long leading to a low-level roundabout at the foot of a ramp road up to the public highway. The first ramp will emerge in a westerly direction, at the western end of the existing public enclosure, but later there will also be an easterly ramp. From the terminal buildings to the Bath Road the total distance will be about 1,200 yards. These main subways will consist of four tubes—two for double lines of traffic in each direction and two containing a cycle track and a pedestrian way. The total width of the tunnels will be 86 ft., and they will be some 7 ft. 6 ins. below ground level.

It was originally intended that temporary buildings would be erected on the central site between the runways, but the Minister of Civil Aviation told Parliament recently that pressure of space in the central area would be too great to allow a transitional plan to be carried out.

WHEN AN AIR-LINER COMES IN AT LONDON AIRPORT : A four-engined machine taxi-ing to rest in front of the control tower and the temporary airport buildings. Altogether there are six landing strips in the runway system at London Airport, the two main ones being 9,500 ft. long and 300 ft. wide. All are stressed to take the weight of 360,000-lb. air-liners borne on four main wheels. The particular runway pattern selected reduces to a minimum the taxi-ing distance. A few weeks ago the Bristol Brabazon, the world's largest air-liner, made a successful series of landings and take-offs here

USING THE VIBRATING LEVEL DURING CONCRETING OPERATIONS AT LONDON AIRPORT : For runways and taxi-strips the ground is dug down many feet, and a proper foundation is secured. At the present moment concreting operations are centred for the most part on the aircraft parks which are being constructed beside the central terminal buildings

THE RUNWAY GUIDANCE LIGHTING SYSTEM : Installing a container for one of the guidance lights. The containers are set flush with the runway, and are at intervals of 80 ft. on each side. Green lights will guide the pilot from the runway along the taxi-tracks to the central area aprons. For this purpose an adaptation of the railway block signalling system is being developed

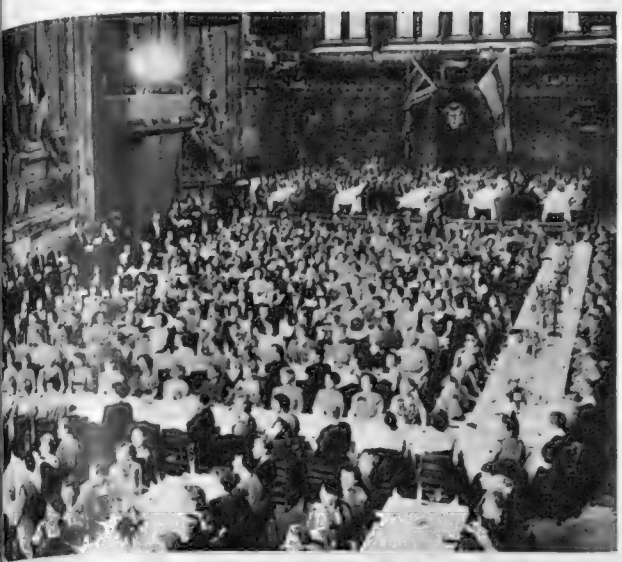
A NEW SEA-WALL GOES UP ALONG THE EAST SUSSEX COAST : The wall is now under erection from Cliff End, near Pett (to the east of Hastings), to the mouth of the River Rother—a stretch of about five miles. The main purpose of the wall is to protect the fertile agricultural land lying below sea-level in the vicinity of Winchelsea and Rye. Within historic time this stretch of East Sussex has been inundated more than once. Inland there is evidence of Roman colonies in the marsh-land which have been inundated by the sea

RECENT
HOME NEWS
SHOWN IN
PICTURES

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW SEA-WALL : Great stone slabs are hoisted up by crane and then cemented into position. The double tier of stone will eventually extend over a distance of five miles

ART IN THE OLD KENT ROAD : On view to the public gaze is this mosaic panel let into the wall of the library in South London's Old Kent Road. The mosaic depicts a scene from the life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet. It is one of those erected in the year 1910 to commemorate Chaucer's connection with Southwark

REBUILDING A BOMBED CITY LIVERY HALL : Scaffolding surrounds the old Innholders' Hall, near Cannon Street Station, which is now being rebuilt after being partially destroyed by German bombs during the London blitz. The Hall is, unfortunately, but one of many which suffered during World War II. The Banqueting Hall within, built in 1670, has already been restored: over its window is a fine sculpture of the coat of arms, the work of students of the Sir John Cass School of Art carried out under the direction of sculptor Bainbridge Copnall, the School's headmaster and a former camouflage officer of the Eighth Army. The coat of arms was designed by E. D. Jefferiss Mathews



THE FIRST DINNER FOR WOMEN EVER HELD IN THE GUILDHALL: A general view of the scene at the banquet of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women. This dinner was held during the course of the Federation's recent Congress at Westminster. Seven hundred guests were present, with Dame Caroline Hazlett presiding and with Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, amongst the company present. It was the first time in the history of the Guildhall that a woman's organisation has held a dinner within its historic walls

ONE OF THE LONELIEST CHURCHES IN EASTERN ENGLAND: The historic but isolated church of St. Peters-on-the-Wall, near Bradwell-on-Sea, in a desolate corner of the Essex coast

THEY WENT TO CHURCH BY PONY AND HORSE: An unusual scene at the picturesque parish church of South Warnborough, Hampshire. Recently the members of the Hampshire Hunt Branch of the Pony Club encamped three miles away from the village on a week's holiday-cum-riding course. They took the opportunity of riding over to South Warnborough Church for a morning service conducted by Bishop Richard Acland (formerly Bishop of Bombay). After the service the Bishop (in the right foreground of this picture) came out to see the young riders mount to return to their camp

ONLY RECENTLY RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE: Another view of St. Peters-on-the-Wall at Bradwell-on-Sea. It is situated right in the marshes and hard by the sea wall at the mouth of the River Blackwater, in Essex. This historic church dates back to Saxon days, and in its lifetime has been used for many purposes. During the reign of Elizabeth it was a lighthouse; then it was re-roofed and became a barn; in 1920 it was restored as a sacred building and came into the keeping of the Diocese of Chelmsford. The chapel is built out of small squared stones and tiles, with a few larger stones from a gateway, all of Roman origin

A BROADSIDE LAUNCH AT A FAVERSHAM SHIPYARD: The motor-tug *Silverbeam* takes the water in a huge splash after its launch by a young girl. The launching platform was occupied entirely by children when Bridget Anne Sudbury, young daughter of Colonel F. A. Sudbury, a director of the owning company, named and launched the motor-tug *Silverbeam* at the Faversham (Kent) shipyard of James Pollock, Sons and Co. Ltd., a few days ago. Watching her were children of other directors and officials of the owners. Afterwards, they were entertained in a specially-decorated tea-room. The *Silverbeam*, one of the most powerful motor-tugs ever built in the yard, is the second of two constructed for Silvertown Services Ltd. (a subsidiary of Tate and Lyle)

THE MUSEUM OF THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY'S CLOTHING AND STORES TRIALS ESTABLISHMENT AT CHATHAM : Allied and enemy materials of every kind, retrieved from battle-fields all over the world, are stored in the museum to provide ideas and data for the designers of new equipment for the Army. In the foreground of this picture is a collection of Japanese clothing, and on the right a soldier examines German field-kitchen utensils.

TESTING TO DESTRUCTION

Practical Demonstrations at the Clothing and Stores Trials Establishment

The C.S.T.E. is constantly engaged in inventing, developing and testing clothing and equipment. The Establishment includes a physics laboratory and various ingenious proving-grounds and apparatus on which new productions are tested in all possible conditions—if necessary, to destruction. Troops are employed in many of the practical tests and are often themselves tested in endurance while proving the equipment

BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS : Three types of footwear are tested for the infantry on the Boot Track. On the left is a new high-anklet boot, which eliminates the present web gaiter ; centre, the standard G.S. boots and anklets ; and, right, the United States Army's calf-high infantry boot. This section of the Boot Track is surfaced with granite boulders. One hour on the ½-mile-long track is equivalent to a full day's marching

GERMAN WINTER EQUIPMENT AS USED IN RUSSIA : The Deputy Superintendent of the C.S.T.E. examines the huge straw boots which were used by German soldiers in Russia

THE RAIN SHED : Typical English weather is reproduced in this section, and it can be improved upon when necessary. Here two "guinea-pigs" test the new poncho-style capes and hoods for the Army in machine-made tropical rainfall and a 40-m.p.h. gale

CROSSING A HEDGE ON THE COMBAT COURSE : The course is designed to try out clothing rather than combatants. An N.C.O. is here seen breaking through a thicket of thorn brambles in a test of jungle-warfare conditions

TESTING CLOTHING ON THE COMBAT COURSE : Here the new combat suit takes the strain of war conditions. Besides these antics, the troops crawl under barbed-wire fences and scale a replica of a bombed warehouse

OVER THE RAMP : Another obstacle on the combat course, which has been designed to give the maximum strain to every part of the uniform. Already the materials used have been tested in the laboratory by a machine which slowly stretches the cloth until it reaches the breaking-point

OVER A CONCRETE WALL AND THROUGH THE TUNNEL : These tests are designed to put the maximum strain on all seams and stitching in the new combat suits. Nothing has been forgotten by the Clothing and Stores Trials Department. They have a mobile laundry in which clothing is washed to study resistance to field laundering; and there is even a machine to test the new ever-bright buttons which will put an end to "spit and polish." These buttons have an anodised surface and never tarnish

THE SITE IN LIVERPOOL FOR THE FIRST LARGE, SPECIALLY-BUILT PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING IN GREAT BRITAIN: Originally known as Shaw's Brow, it was renamed William Brown Street after Sir William Brown, who met the entire cost of building the Brown Library on ground provided by the Liverpool Corporation. The Brown Library was opened in 1860, ten years after William Ewart had promoted the first Public Libraries Act, which is the subject of the centenary celebrations

LIVERPOOL'S LIBRARY CENTENARY

The Commemoration of William Ewart's Promotion of the First Public Libraries Act in 1850

It was on April 3, 1850, that the first Public Libraries Committee was appointed by Liverpool Town Council. Four months later, William Ewart, M.P. for Liverpool, and a native of the city, promoted the first Public Libraries Act.

A public library for Liverpool had been proposed two years earlier, but the private bill to acquire the Royal Institution for this purpose was abandoned. Under a later private bill of 1852, the first Liverpool Public Library was opened in Duke Street in October of that year. The next figure to come into the history of Liverpool's public libraries was Sir William Brown, M.P. Appreciating that the Duke Street library was inadequate, he paid the entire cost of erecting the Brown Library, on a site provided by the Corporation, on Shaw's Brow (now William Brown Street). This, the first large, specially-built public library ever to be erected in Great Britain, originally contained a reading room which seated 450, an inner room (later reserved for students), a Lecture Hall seating 350, a Committee Room, administration rooms and stock rooms. This building, on its spacious site, forms the nucleus round which the other Central Libraries have been erected. The circular Picton Reference Library was built in 1879; the Hornby Art Library in 1906, and the Oak Library in 1914. A Technical Library and other extensions will be put up when the present building restrictions permit. The site is still the largest public library site in Great Britain.

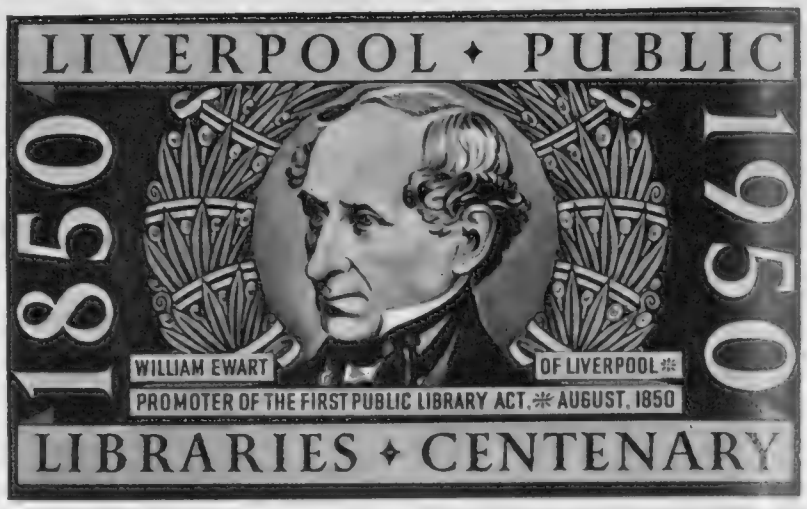
In May 1941 the Brown Library was badly damaged by bombs and over 200,000 volumes were destroyed. It was not until four years later that the Temporary Central Lending Library was opened with a new stock of 50,000 books. It now issues more books each year than before the war.

Hugh Frederick Hornby bequeathed his renowned art library to Liverpool in 1900 and he set aside £10,000 for the erection of a building to house it. The collection includes engravings by Dürer, Nanteuil and Whistler; etchings by Rembrandt and Meryon; Turner's *Liber Studiorum*; a collection of books and prospectuses from William Morris's Kelmscott Press and examples of the work of the Ashendene, Baskerville and other famous presses. In all, Hugh Hornby donated some 7,860 books, 8,000 engravings and 3,000 autographs.

The Picton Reference Library was named after Sir James Picton, chairman of the Libraries Committee when it was built in 1879. It contains nearly 500,000 books and pamphlets. Beneath the building is the Picton Hall which, with seating accommodation for over 1,000, is probably the largest hall maintained by a public library in this country. Over 200 musical and literary events are held there every year.

The Oak Library was opened in 1914 as a special section for valuable books and to relieve pressure on the storage space of the Brown and Picton Libraries. It can accommodate forty readers and is used as a study room for research workers.

In 1917, a Commercial Library was opened in the centre of the city. It was transferred to Derby House, in the new Exchange Buildings, in 1939. In addition, there are twenty-four branch libraries.



THE STAMP WHICH COMMEMORATES THE LIVERPOOL PUBLIC LIBRARIES CENTENARY: It was designed by Albert Preston and bears the portrait of William Ewart, who promoted the first Public Libraries Act in 1850

SIR WILLIAM BROWN, M.P.: Recognising that the first library in Duke Street was inadequate for its purpose, he gave Liverpool the fine building which was severely damaged by bombs in 1941

LIVERPOOL'S FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY IN DUKE STREET: It was opened in 1852, two years after the Public Libraries Act. It soon became plain that the building was inadequate for the demands upon it, a fact which inspired Sir William Brown to give the Brown Central Library and Museum

THE PRESENT LIBRARY GROUP IN LIVERPOOL, THE LARGEST IN GREAT BRITAIN: On the left are the Technical College and Museums and the Brown Library. The circular building in the centre is the Picton Reference Library and next to it is the Walker Art Gallery. This picture by A. P. Tankard makes an interesting comparison with that at the top of this page, showing the same site in 1850, before it was bought by the Liverpool Corporation. Another large area of 1½ acres, which adjoins the present site at the rear of the Liverpool Central Library, was acquired in 1936. New buildings and extensions will be erected when permitted

A STATE POSTILLION LANDAU : This beautiful little model is one of the exhibits at the Jubilee Model Engineer Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster. It is built to a scale of 1¾ ins. to 1 ft., and was exhibited by Mr. P. Winton, of Wembley

A MODEL OF THE MARK VIII JET-PROPELLED GLOUCESTER METEOR : It has a span of 6 ft. and is valued at over £1,000. This model proved one of the most popular of the exhibits at this year's show

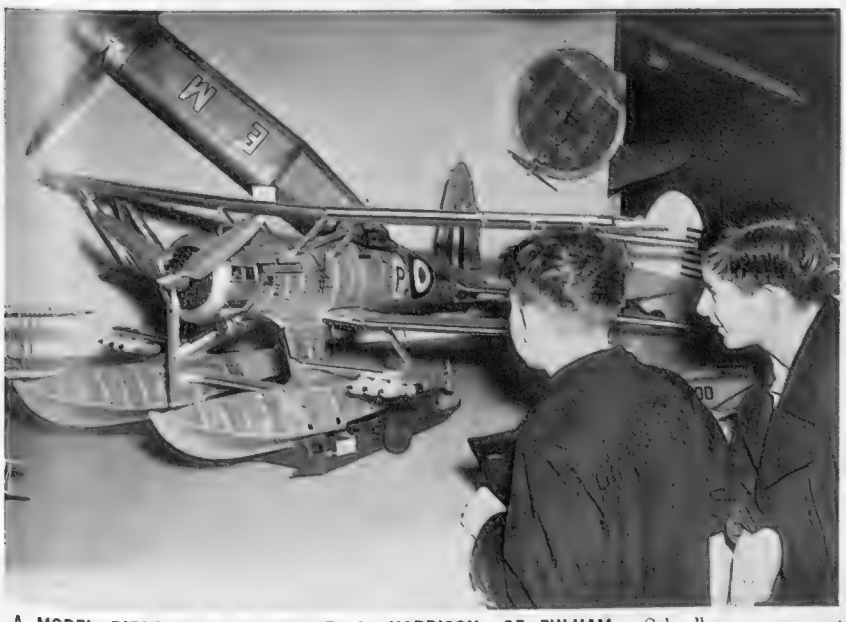
THE OLD GALLEON SECTION AT THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION : The twenty-fifth Jubilee year of the exhibition was outstanding in the number, variety and expert craftsmanship of the exhibits. Some of the beautiful models are shown on this page. The Ministry of Supply loaned a 9-ft.-wing-span model of the 140-ton ten-engine Princess flying-boat, and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research showed examples of the work done in its research stations and the use they make of models. There was also a large demonstration area in the hall, where the actual construction of models was taking place. A feature of this section was the demonstration of wood-turning

A MUZZLE-LOADING DECK-GUN : Ancient and modern combine to engage the interest of model-lovers. The model of an old-time gun was made by Mr. W. C. Gay, of Hayes

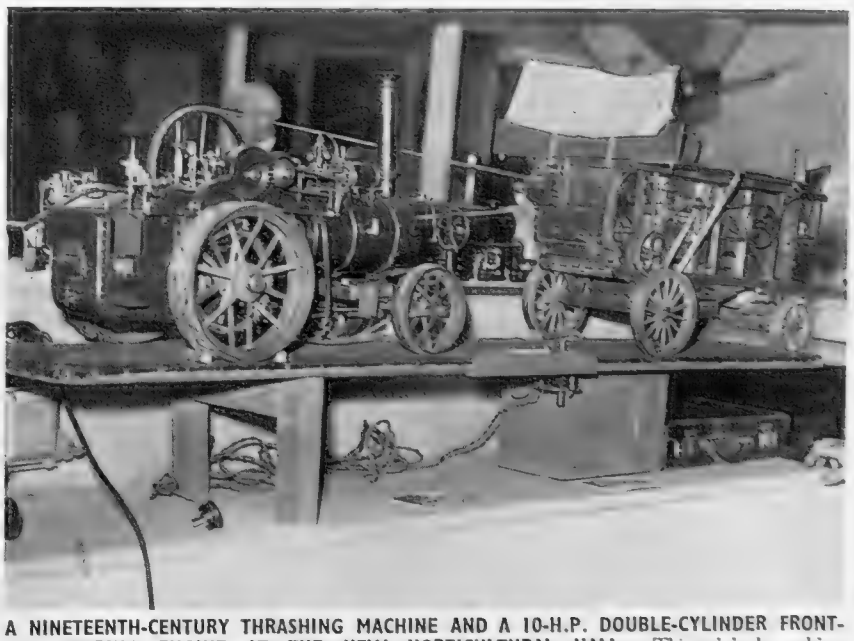
A TRAM IN MINIATURE : It was constructed by Mr. R. Elliot, of Abbey Wood, to a scale of ¾ in. to 1 ft., is driven by two miniature electric motors and is complete with indicator panels and several appropriate advertisements

THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION

Perfection in Miniature at the New Horticultural Hall



A MODEL BIPLANE MADE BY MR. L. HARRISON, OF FULHAM : Schoolboys were most attracted to the model aircraft, of which there was an impressive collection. On the wall behind the biplane is a model "flying saucer," constructed by 15-year-old Jeremy Coles. It is 15 ins. in diameter, weighs 8 ozs., and is powered by a small Diesel engine



A NINETEENTH-CENTURY THRASHING MACHINE AND A 10-H.P. DOUBLE-CYLINDER FRONT-STEERING ENGINE AT THE NEW HORTICULTURAL HALL : The original machine and engine, made by Clayton and Shuttleworth, of Harlington, were acquired in 1866. The models were made by Mr. C. E. Shackle, each part taking him eighteen months

New Lamps and Old

SOME THOUGHTS ON INFERNAL COMBUSTION

And the Miscreant Gottlieb Daimler By JOHN GORE

INFERNAL COMBUSTION.—This article is not to be taken seriously. These articles are usually "light articles only." Not that I anticipate any rough handling from scientists. I am not going to pose the question: Can the inventions of Science be controlled? I know as well as you that the hands of Science's clock can neither be stopped nor put back.

In an "ideal world"—for which we strive for ever and in vain—I am not at all sure that that particular clock would not be built with controls of both kinds, for the safety and welfare of humanity. Science would be compelled to work on a stop-and-go system of signals, a system of "turn right" and "no left turn" signals. But Utopia is still worlds away. My present drawing-room game is to consider whether this country of ours would have gained or lost more if on a certain day in 1885—the year of my birth—an obscure German had been bumped off, and all his papers and calculations destroyed on the orders of a beneficent and far-seeing world government. The "miscreant's" name was Gottlieb Daimler, his invention "the internal combustion motor, using petroleum spirit." And, of course, he was only one of several experimenters, and I use his name as a portmanteau.

I should have thought a child could see that the man was playing with dangerous fire. I said as much (I remember) to my monthly nurse as she adjusted my nappy. But the man was not bumped off. He got busier, and within twenty years he had practically driven the horse-bus off the streets and the pony off the country lanes. And every fool in Edwardian England was throwing his new Trilby hat in the air and crying out "How clever we are! How much wiser than our fathers." As I grew older, I grew sillier. I can still recall my sense of triumph when, in 1905, I made my first "solo" drive in a friend's Daimler ("the red peril") down the drive at Kirtlington, in Oxfordshire; and later on I recall my solo effort on Freshwater Down when I cheered (was it?) Robert Loraine when he landed on that smooth turf in his aeroplane.

Before the Invasion.—In 1885 (and, indeed, as late as 1905) England on the surface was rather a sweet, pretty place, snug as bedamned, though not everybody enjoyed its sweets and hardly one in a million appreciated them.

It was an island site, the playground of men, horses and dogs, though not all the men, horses and dogs had the best of it. The island site was isolated from the rest of the world, to which, indeed, it sold its products profitably, but shared the world's troubles and sorrows only when that altruism seemed likely to pay. It was a tight little island, set in a silver sea which acted as a moat. And schemes for a Channel tunnel were not popular. No man, no nation, is wholly insane. We rejected the tunnel, but we hailed Daimler's loathsome device. (Daimler, as I have said, was only one of several competing pioneers.) This England was (on its face) not only tight and snug; it was the loveliest little island you ever saw, a land of orchards and singing birds and of lovers in honeysuckled lanes, and dear old gaffers, bent double with rheumatism, touching their forelocks before honeysuckled cottages as Squire rode by to Petty Sessions in a cloud of dust. Sometimes we enjoyed little wars—there was a spot of trouble at Khartoum the day I was born—but we didn't let them worry us at home. The countryside smiled on, and we slept quiet in our beds.

And that German was allowed to mess about with his contraption and scores of Englishmen joined in the fun.

Do you know the country between Finchley and Hitchin, or between Brighton and Lewes, or between Eton and Hertford? None of it was what I would call part of the garden of England. But as late as 1905 (and later), as I well remember it, it was pleasing, pretty country enough, rather reminiscent of Caldicott's illustrations to *John Gilpin*.

Juggernaut's Track.—What do you think of the stretch west of Hatfield to-day just near the great De Havilland aircraft factory; what of the Peacehaven sector of the Brighton–Lewes road, with its sprawling, hideous bungaloid growths; what of progress through built-over, greatly-congested Rickmansworth? Daimler did that for us, and much worse. It was the speed urge, to go places and go to them fast. It led to ribbon development along speed-tracks to shack-towns on the seashore, with fuel stations and snack-bars every hundred yards, to say nothing of other concomitant horrors. Daimler's little idea suggested or gave impetus to other bright ideas. We ruled the waves and wished to rule them. What brighter idea than to build under-the-sea ships, internally combusted, which could blow holes in enemy capital ships unseen? And here was a means of conquering the air without flapping wings. How we cheered when that Frenchman landed on our island site from the troubled Continent. This was progress with a capital P. And how bitterly we have regretted it since! This Daimler was the noblest Nazi of them all. His great idea has indeed been a boon and a blessing to men, Englishmen in particular. He has destroyed for us our peace, our heritage of beauty, our security; threatened our life-lines, played old Harry with our religion, our order, discipline and economic balance. And he has killed more of our population on the roads than two all-in World Wars managed to kill in battle. I thought a lot about him when those bombers were over the roof-tops night after night during the height of the bombing attacks of '40–'42.

So far, then, it would seem, Daimler's little invention has not, in all ways, been an unmixed blessing to England. But perhaps I have been biassed; there is good in everything and a reverse side to the ugliest picture.

Sour Grapes?—What good has come out of this infernal combustion for poor old England? We discussed the pros and cons with intensity and elaboration round the drawing-room fire while an April blizzard raged outside, and the best answer I can offer shall be quoted verbatim as it fell from the youngest present: "Well, I mean, don't you know, suppose someone you liked was very ill in, say, Australia; well, you could get to him in a few hours instead of whole weeks." It is true. But whether it is a complete *quid pro quo* of evils is another matter. I, for one, do not agree that it is.

The trouble about the motor-car is that it enables everyone to reach any and every given point of vantage. With what result? Every function and every bolt-hole are congested. At your favourite beach you are met with ugly warnings: "No parking." "Move on," "Get out," "No left turn," "Private." Your favourite race-meeting becomes an endurance test from Hammersmith to the course. Your private bolt-hole or view-point is about as private and pretty as Clapham Junction in the rush-hours. A car is a delightful and useful gadget (until the damn thing stops) so long as you have a monopoly in its use. And that, I dare say, is true also of the submarine and the plane. The fault with Daimler and those like him was that they were *too* democratic, too philanthropic. They wanted to make *everybody* happy. It was too large a hope.

For my part I am anti-Daimler. I range myself in the ranks of the cavalry. I am of the horse age, and I wish that Time knew how to stand still, and when to do so. And, anyway, I *can't* get my new car, though I have pulled every available string. Perhaps this article is sour grapes. For, of course, I never soared to the majestic beauty and efficiency of a Daimler saloon.

THE GREAT ORGAN OF ST. JACOBI: This organ, built in 1512 by Harmen Stueven and Jacob Iversand, for Hamburg's St. Jacobi Church, was played on July 28, for the first time in nine years, at a concert commemorating the death of Johann Sebastian Bach (1750), the great German organist and composer. The organ had just been renovated by Hamburg organ-makers. The ancient instrument has undergone several renovations in its 400 years of existence. In 1689-93, it was completely rebuilt by Arp Schnitger. During the last war the organ was severely damaged by bombs, and its richly-ornamented superstructure completely destroyed. The handles of the organ stops, as shown in this picture, are wood-carvings. Canons, organists, nuns and even demons are depicted in these heads

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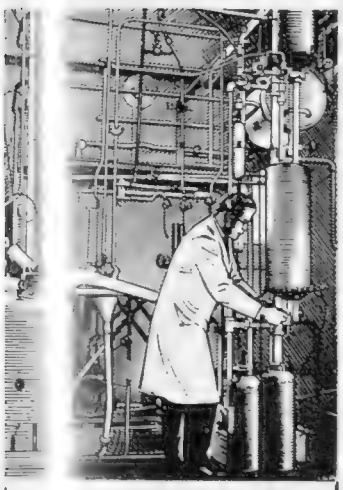

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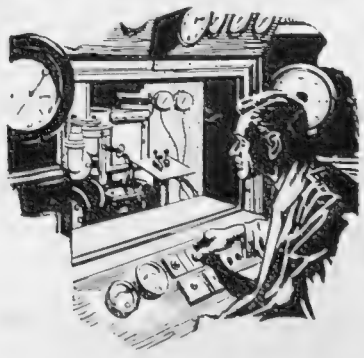

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INTO BATTLE with THE BLACK WATCH

Colonel Fergusson, a Serving Soldier with a Flair for Regimental History

THE Black Watch, which originated in independent companies raised in 1739 to preserve order in North Scotland, which captured the imagination of the British people by the great charge at Fontenoy, won new fame at Ticonderoga, and gained the distinctive red hackle badge for conspicuous bravery at Geldermalsen in 1795, has a brilliant record extending over two centuries. At Waterloo, in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, in the Ashanti Wars, the story of gallantry was the same. So also was it in the First World War. Now comes Bernard Fergusson, who is himself in active command of the Regular battalion of the Regiment, to bring the record up to date. His new volume, THE BLACK WATCH AND THE KING'S ENEMIES (Collins. 15s.), covers the actions fought by the Regiment in the Second World War, from the surrender of the few survivors who were surrounded at St. Valery on June 12, 1940, to the last campaign in North-West Europe. The Black Watch joined the Eighth Army as part of the reconstituted 51st Division, and the Regiment was the spearhead of Montgomery's infantry in the assault on the Mareth Line between the Gulf of Gabes and the Matmata Hills. It was during this action, Colonel Fergusson records, that Jock McKinney, a company commander, came over the air to tell his commanding officer: "They 're away, sir, the whole ridge is clear. Derek 's killed a lot of them, but I 've only caught one Panzer Grenadier, and he 's so gey wee I doubt he 's not worth keeping." Another good story concerns Lieut.-Colonel Roper-Caldbeck, commander of the 1st Battalion, who was told before Medenine that his role would be that of a man about to bicycle off the end of the pier. Having achieved his objective, the C.R.A. sent Roper-Caldbeck this message: "Splendid. Now do it again with your hands off the handle-bars." It was at the Battle of Wadi Akarit (after El Hamma and before Sfax) that the Black Watch fought one of their most brilliant actions of the war, a hard and bitter struggle. "It was a proper soldiers' battle, in which all behaved well, and perhaps especially the runners," upon whom fell the burden of maintaining the momentum when casualties occurred among the wireless sets. Colonel Fergusson's narrative, which has a foreword by the late Field Marshal Earl Wavell, makes first-class reading, and if, as is possible, it was intended for a wider public than is usual with regimental histories, it may be said that the effort has brilliantly succeeded. Here is a serving officer with a flair for military history which has probably not been excelled since the days of Colonel Henderson, classic biographer of the immortal "Stonewall" Jackson.

In March 1931 nine American Negroes were riding a freight train between Chattanooga, travelling slowly through the mountain curves and hills of Tennessee, en route to Alabama in search of work. It was one of the years of the deep depression, and on board the same train, riding free and for the same reason, were three or four white boys. High words passed between them; a white foot trod on a black hand, and in a matter of minutes a running fight ensued along the freight cars. The blacks put the whites off the train, a telephoned complaint ensued, and at Paint Rock, Alabama, where a mob of white farmers began to gather when the train rolled in, the blacks were taken from the box-cars and put under arrest. The charges were duly rigged—namely, rape against two girls who had been on the train, and attempted murder. The nine were lodged in Scottsboro jail, and the Scottsboro Boys, as they came to be known, entered on their long ordeal which was to shake the conscience of the world and which, but for the world's intervention, would have ended for all nine of them in the electric chair. One of those nine boys, now a grown man, was Haywood Patterson, perhaps the strongest and most articulate of them, and in a sense their leader during the years of captivity. Patterson escaped from Kilby jail in 1948, and just lately has come the news that he has been recaptured, "pardoned," and released. In SCOTTSBORO BOY (Victor Gollancz. 16s.) he tells, with the help of Earl Conrad, the story of the case and of what he and the others endured in prison. He tells in particular of the years in the death-house, of the inhumanity of the prison officials, of the general corruption (in which guards brutalised the prisoners and the prisoners brutalised the guards), of the constant thrashings and the unremitting toil, notably at the dreaded Atmore State Prison Farm. Patterson gives a strictly factual account. It is both a moving and a horrifying document, and the reader is left to ponder how in this day and age such conditions can be allowed to persist, or how, through trial after trial, such injustice can prevail.

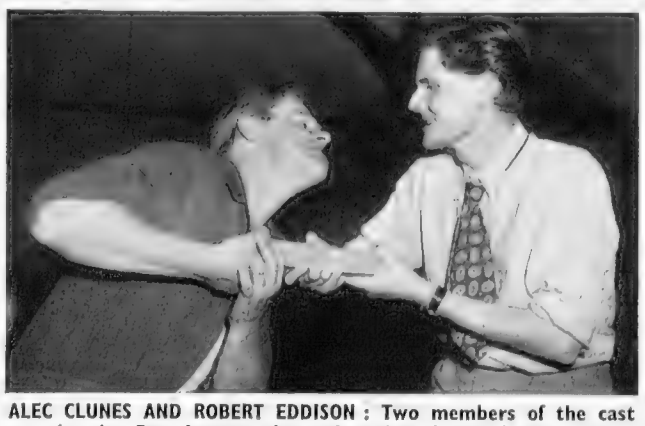
When the blitz on London destroyed plates by the thousand and sheets of unbound books by the tens of thousands, it became clear that it would be many years before the English classics would once again be in free circulation. Despite continuing paper shortages and problems in the printing trade, some of them concerned with lack of modern machinery, the leeway is, year by year, being made up. Our heritage of classics is finding its way into print again. Well to the fore in this campaign are Macdonald's, whose classic library, so neatly bound and well presented, is beginning to reach considerable proportions. The two latest additions to it are R. L. Stevenson's DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and THE ESSAYS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (Macdonald and Co., both at 9s. 6d.). The first-named volume has several other stories, including "The Merry Men," "The Pavilion on the Links," and "The Bottle Imp." Compton Mackenzie, who writes the introduction, says: "This year is the centenary of Stevenson's birth. I have known three of his intimate friends. Sidney Colvin was always cold and hostile; Henry James and Edmond Gosse were always kind and full of encouragement. From both of the latter I captured in imagination the atmosphere that surrounded Stevenson in the Pacific. So I admit frankly that I am a devoted partisan when I record my belief that the best of his work will live until the victory of basic English makes it not worth while to be a speaker or writer of English, or until the triumph of mediocrity makes it not worth while being a man."

PUPPETS AND PLAYERS IN "BARTHOLOMEW FAIR" AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

A MODEL FOR THE SETTING OF BEN JONSON'S COMEDY, "BARTHOLOMEW FAIR," WHICH IS BEING PRESENTED BY THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: The play is produced by George Devine, and the cast includes Ursula Jeans, Alec Clunes, Roger Livesey and Esmond Knight. Included in the play will be the puppets of Mr. George Speaight, brother of Robert Speaight, the actor

GEORGE SPEAIGHT AND HIS PUPPETS: The puppets have a prominent part in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, given at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. Strangely enough, Professor Skupa's Puppet Theatre from Prague will also be presented at the Central Hall during the course of the Festival

GEORGE DEVINE AND URSULA JEANS DISCUSS "BARTHOLOMEW FAIR": The producer and the leading lady in the Old Vic production at the Edinburgh Festival. The Festival opens officially this week-end, closing on September 9



ALEC CLUNES AND ROBERT EDDISON: Two members of the cast in the Ben Jonson play rehearsing for their production at the Assembly Hall during the Edinburgh Festival

Of all Ben Jonson's plays—and his output was considerable—*Bartholomew Fair* moves most entirely within the horizon of the London populace. Its London atmosphere makes this satire on puritanism wholly appropriate as the Old Vic Company's contribution to the Edinburgh Festival. *Bartholomew Fair* appears to have been seldom performed during the reign of Charles I, for it aroused the hostility of at least half the audience when King and Parliament were at variance. At the Restoration it was revived with enthusiasm. Pepys, who saw *Bartholomew Fair* in 1661, declared that it had not been acted for forty years. The cast is a notably fine one, with an admirable blending of youth and experience.

H. M. Tomlinson, a travel writer of distinction before he achieved fame as a novelist, has rescued from what he chooses to call the rubble of the past some of those essays belonging to his lifetime of travel. Appropriately enough, Mr. Tomlinson calls the book THE FACE OF THE EARTH (Gerald Duckworth. 12s. 6d.), and needless to say, the enchantment is all there. The greater part of the volume is taken up with "A Spanish Journey." It was made in 193[illegible] in the company of [illegible] Bone, the late Robert [illegible] and Horace Horsnell. The record of such a chance adventure with such men is not lightly to be forgotten [illegible] we can be thankful [illegible] has been duly "res[illegible]" No less welcome is the revised edition of John Brangwyn's REASONS FOR FRANCE (The Bodley Head. 16s.). The was first published [illegible] and at the time deserved attracted admiring attention Mr. Brangwyn has something of the Henry James approach to travel writing, a keen eye for the countryside, a sense of history and, above all, an innate love of France. Olivia Manning is another travel writer of distinction, and at this holiday-time many will find delight in THE DREAMING SHORE (Evans Brothers 15s.), in which she presents the present and the past of Ireland. NORWAY TO-DAY (George Allen and Unwin. 30s.) is a largely pictorial introduction to this northern land. The volume is particularly notable for some first-class photographic reproduction.

For the traveller nearer home, particularly the lover of England's canals and waterways, here are two more volumes of special appeal. Charles Hadfield's BRITISH CANALS (Phœnix House. 16s.) is an illustrated history, and dwells to a large extent on the economic and political aspects of the subject. L. T. C. Rolt's THE INLAND WATERWAYS OF ENGLAND (George Allen and Unwin Ltd. 21s.) is more many-sided in aspect, constituting a general as well as an historical study of these "highroads to the sea." There is also a valuable chapter on "Travelling by Waterway." Mr. Rolt dedicates his work to James Brindley of Tinstead, John Rennie of Phantassie, and Thomas Telford of Westerkirk, three men of genius in the annals of canal history.

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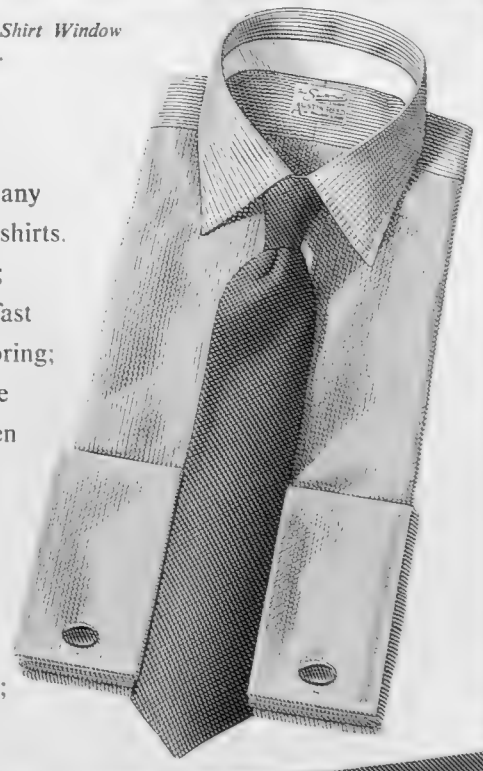

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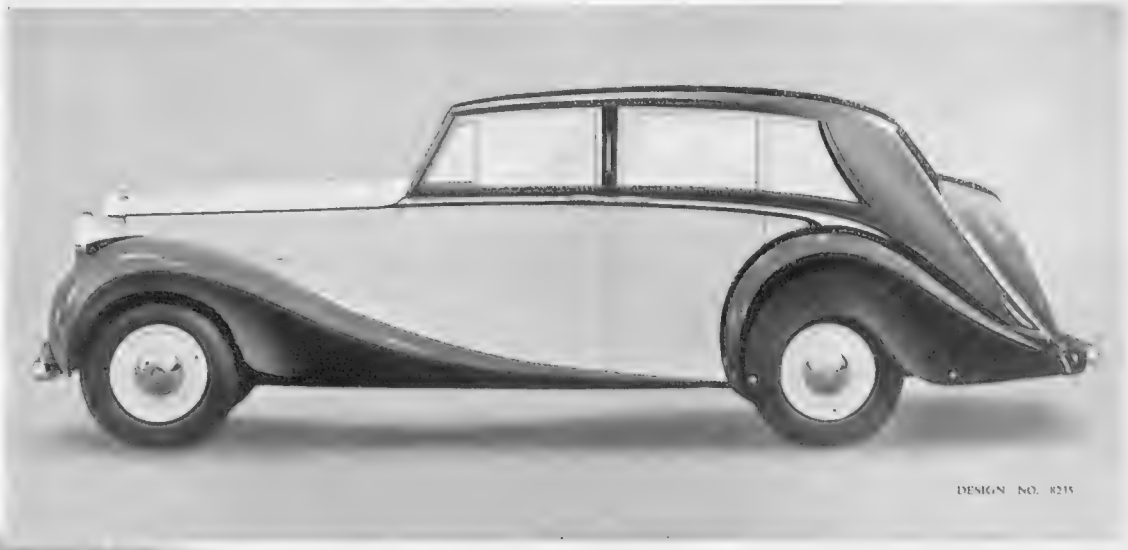

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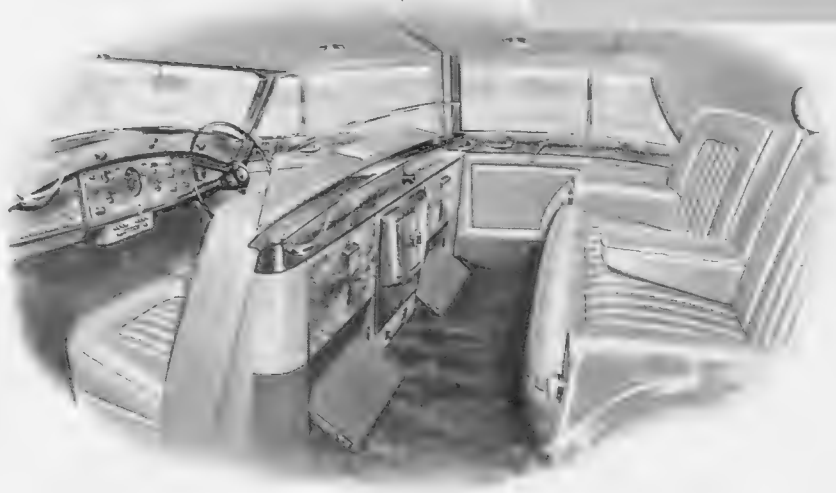

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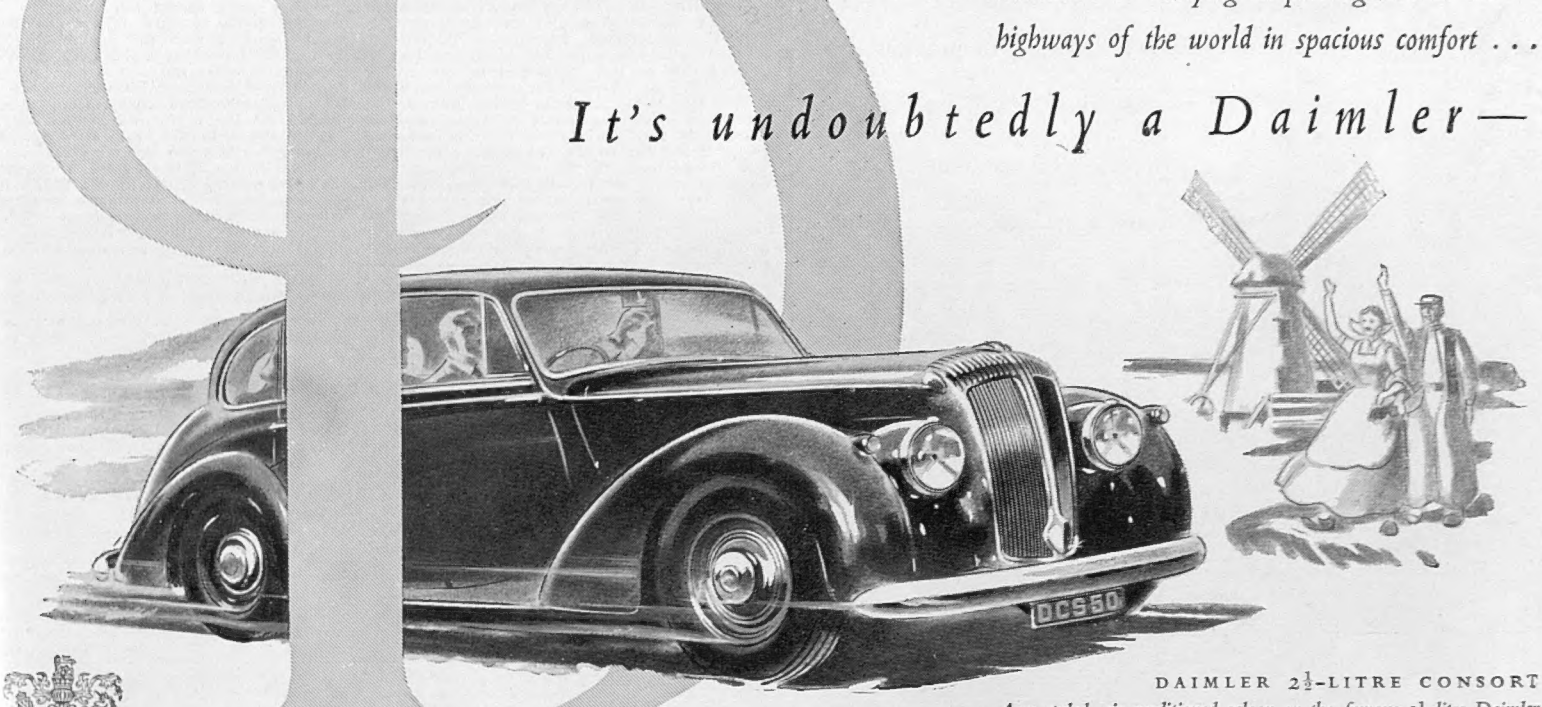

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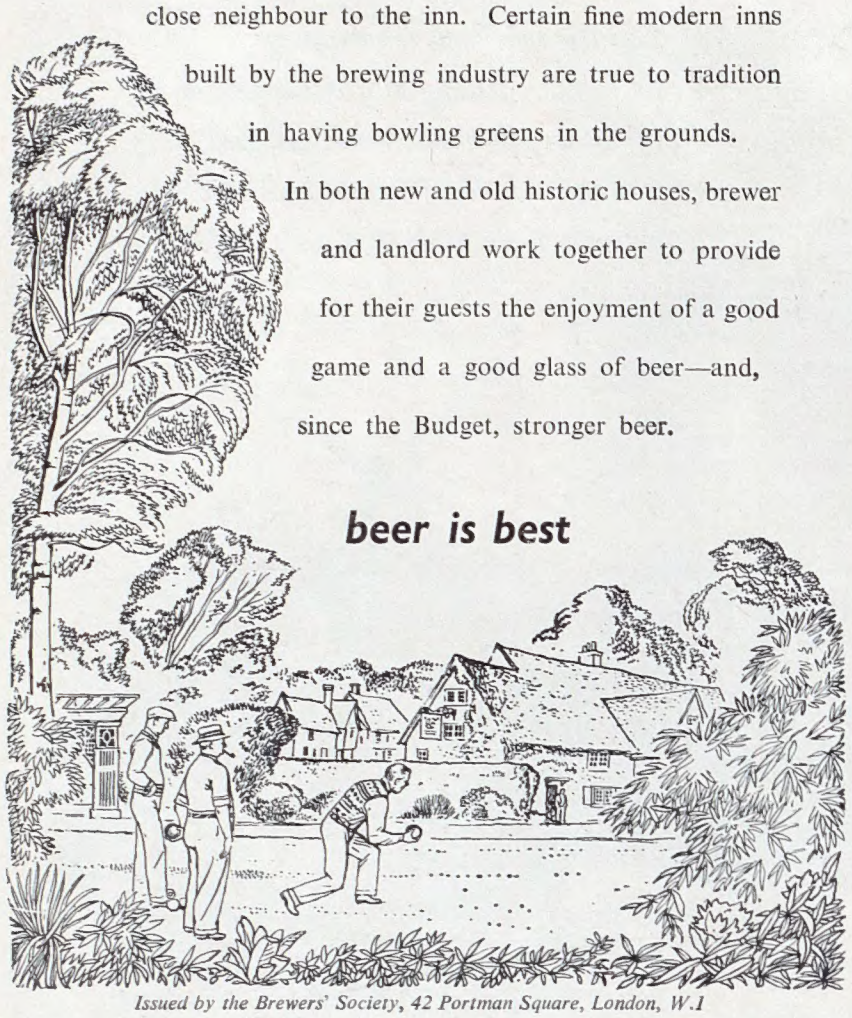

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

SUMMER holidays are now in full swing. Some are already memories; others are to come. As far as I am concerned, enquiries for the summer holiday season of 1950 are at an end, and my post is a pot-pourri of recommendations for autumn vacations, winter hibernations, and Christmas and New Year jollities. Some readers, especially those from overseas, are already anxious to book accommodation for the spring and summer of 1951.

This week I should like to throw out a few thoughts for the late summer and early autumn, because as soon as school trunks and tuck-boxes are once more the concern of school matrons, mothers deserve a few days' respite before resuming the present-day problems of housekeeping. (Fathers please note.)

So, the problem is to choose somewhere with a reasonable chance of sunshine. I happen to be in the Channel Islands while planning this article, and feel on much more knowledgeable terms with Guernsey, Jersey and unspoilt Sark than I ever have before (I was sorry not to have been able to include Alderney in my itinerary). I suggest, if you have never yet visited the Channel Isles, that you follow in my footsteps and divide ten days or a fortnight between Guernsey and Jersey, allowing for a day trip to Sark; so if you will write and let me know what type of hotel you seek, I feel I can supply the answer . . . but for after September 20, not before.

The Channel Islands are the happy compromise between going abroad and staying at home. The Continent has its drawbacks for non-linguists, because one misses so much in not understanding and not being understood, but here a Continental flavour combines with the English tongue, and, in addition to cheaper wines and spirits and no purchase tax, one's smoking is the more satisfying for the thought that on the mainland it is over 100 per cent. more expensive.

It is in late summer that country hotels feel on terms of equality with their seaside rivals, for at this time motorists who do not want to be tied to a specific base can move around without the anxiety of wondering where they can be accommodated for the night. Without wishing to stress Scotland in particular, I have found myself that it is far and away the best season for touring her Lowlands and Highlands. The days are warm without being too hot, the nights are cool without being cold; in any case, the Scottish hotelier lights a fire in the lounge at the slightest provocation, and it is the exception not to find a hot-water bottle in one's bed. Every district of the British Isles has its claims, for it is as September wanes that the natural beauties of the countryside begin to re-assert themselves. It is no longer of major importance to find a sandy beach and an hotel which caters for children. All we look for is the hotelier who panders to parents, suggests that we have breakfast in bed, provides us with meals that we can enjoy, and, in short, makes us feel welcome and at home.

In a recent issue I stupidly referred to the *Manor Farm*, Fotheringhay (which used to be an hotel), instead of the *College Farm House*, which is so ably run by Mrs. Squires. My apologies to all concerned.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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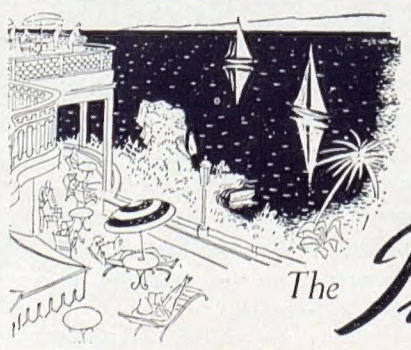

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